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VOL. XII.—No. 291.

MAY 16, 1853.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It was with some surprise and annoyance that we received the following note:—

Dear Sir.—In perusing my number of THE CRITIC to-day, great was my astonishment to find my notice of Dr. Simpson's work against Homoeopathy transformed by your printer into directly the reverse. I wrote it thus: "Dr. Simpson is an opponent of that theory and practice of medicine, and one of its most earnest and most able assailants." Your printer must have mistaken the word *opponent* in my manuscript for *convert*, and then, to make the sentence intelligible, altered the last word also. It was unfortunate that my proof did not reach me as usual, for my writing is not, I fear, the most legible. YOUR REVIEWER.

May 4th.  
We can only regret the error, and promise Dr. Simpson that our Medical Contributor shall do him ample justice in our next number. Owing to a pressure of business, the last CRITIC was not printed till so late in the week that there was not time to send proofs to a distant part of town.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE PUBLICITY OF PUBLIC WRITERS:

MR. BRIGHT versus THE TIMES.

To those who, like ourselves, desire to see the abolition of the anonymous system in the periodical and newspaper press, *non tali auxilio* may well have been the exclamation that suggested itself, when their attention was called to Mr. BRIGHT's recent denunciation of *The Times* (in connexion with its comments on his defence of Mr. HALE, the rocket-maker), and his accompanying demand for the publication of the names of the writers in that leading journal, at least in those cases where its contributors are so mistaken or misguided as to unfavourably criticise his sayings or doings. We are naturally anxious to explain that, although there may seem to exist between ourselves and Mr. BRIGHT a temporary coincidence of sentiment, so far as a wish for the extinction of literary anonymity is concerned, yet that we differ from him *toto celo*, as regards the object to be attained by the proposed innovation; nor will it be difficult to show that the reasons (if such a term is applicable) which seem to have led him to the conclusion he has arrived at on the point in question are insufficient and illogical, and that even, when properly sifted, they betray a tendency precisely the opposite of that which Mr. BRIGHT ascribes to them. In their political capacity, of course, we have nothing to do with Mr. BRIGHT or with the contributors to *The Times*, any more than with any other public man or public writers; and we introduce them here, and in juxtaposition, simply on account of their conjoined and transient relation to an important question in literary ethics—one that has been far from receiving the careful and deliberate scrutiny which it certainly deserves, and appears to us almost to demand.

Mr. BRIGHT seems to be of opinion that the publication of the names of public writers would, in itself, induce on their part a greater moderation of tone and statement; and that as regards the particular article which excited his ire, "no man" (to use his own phraseology) "going about as a gentleman at the west end" would have dared to print it with an acknowledgment of authorship. But may we be permitted to ask Mr. BRIGHT whether the licence of language which has so offended him is at all confined to the anonymous press, and whether that oratory of the platform and of Parliament (in both cases an exhibition of the most public and protrusive kind) to which he himself is so copious a contributor, does not sin a hundred times against decorum and good feeling where the anonymous press

sins only once? Can Mr. BRIGHT indicate in the contemporary press any phenomena analogous to the scandalous "scenes" which have recently brought opprobrium on the House of Commons? It is odd, indeed, that so shrewd a man should not at once perceive that the publicity of public writers would, in itself, have a tendency to augment (if it does exist) the very evil he complains of—would tend to intensify the audacity of the audacious, and the impertinence of the impertinent. And that, for the very simple reason that the publicity of contributors would weaken the editorial control which is now so grave and operative, by transferring to the contributors a large portion of the responsibility which now attaches to the conductors of the periodical and newspaper press. Is it not palpable that the publicity of contributors would impair the collective authority with which a member of the anonymous press addresses its readers, and that, while a certain uniformity of tone might still be preserved, the individuality of the individual, to use a modern phrase, would come much more than at present into play, and induce, on the part of the writers, a much greater latitude of style and sentiment? That Mr. BRIGHT should have overlooked or ignored so obvious an element in the question, we might, perhaps not uncharitably, ascribe to a dim consciousness on his part of a supposed power that the publicity of public writers would place in his hands with respect to them. Probably he thinks that by personal denunciations, on platforms and elsewhere, the public speaker might intimidate the public writer into a very mild and guarded form of criticism. If Mr. BRIGHT and his friends really entertain this opinion, we suspect that they would find themselves very much mistaken in the result they seem pretty distinctly to anticipate, from a war of personal controversy which no wise man would wish to see begun, and in which victory itself would be inglorious.

In a country like this, where neither Governmental persecution nor oratorical intimidation of public writers would be tolerated for any length of time, the one great safeguard against licentiousness of the press is to be found in the character of the classes to which it speaks. So long as our press addresses itself, as at present and in the main, to educated and intelligent Englishmen, who prefer reasoning to personalities, and do not confound eloquence with invective, so long and no longer will it be distinguished by its present general decorum of style and expression; and when the character of its supporters changes, neither the retention nor the destruction of the anonymous system will preserve itself from degradation. It is therefore that we do not wish to see an advocacy of the publicity of public writers connected with these or any similar considerations. Excepting in so far as a natural but by no means general curiosity is concerned, the public cares little whether the writers in its newspapers and periodicals are anonymous or not. This is entirely an authors' question. It is not much that we ask for the author, simply that need of publicity and public reputation which is freely granted to the preacher—the barrister—the physician—nay, to the player and the fiddler. And until we have heard one sound reason advanced for the present refusal to him of an obvious right, we shall continue, as opportunity serves, to advocate the author's claim to what is already possessed by those, not solely who elevate the national sentiment, or preserve and strengthen the national life, but who merely beguile and amuse the nation's hours of leisure, lassitude, or repose.

## LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS.

A RETURN with this title has just been issued by the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. EWART; and the object of it is to show in detail to what extent his two Acts for the establishment of Public Museums and Libraries have been taken advantage of in England and Wales, by the various localities to which they were applicable. Foremost among the interesting facts contained in this parliamentary document, is one which it was not bound to specify; namely, that the large Free Public Library in Liverpool was founded under a local Act, and without recourse to that polling of ratepayers, which in more than one town has resulted in the defeat of the promoters of the establishment of these useful institutions. In two localities, Warrington and Salford, the earliest of Mr. EWART's Acts, that for the establishment of Museums alone, and which

left the matter in the hands of the town councils, was made use of to found both a Museum and a Library; so that the second of Mr. EWART's Acts seems to have been no improvement on its predecessor. The statistics of the polling of ratepayers, for and against the adoption of the second Act, present some points of interest. The great manufacturing towns of Birmingham and Sheffield rejected it; in the former case by 534 votes to 363, in the latter by 204 against 104. Bolton, on the other hand, adopted it by 662 votes to 55; and the well-known triumph at Manchester is worth citing again—only 40 voting against the Act, and nearly 4000 in its favour. Episcopal Winchester adopted it by 301 to 13; and episcopal Exeter rejected it by 853 to 118. Oxford was polled last October, and the Act was adopted by 596 to 72; but no further step has been taken. Cambridge has not gone even that length, and complains that "a rate of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  in the pound in this borough will produce only 195*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*—a sum quite inadequate to provide and maintain a public Library or Museum." Similar complaints are rife in other quarters; and among them may be quoted that of Bolton. "The return draws attention to the inadequate provisions of the present Libraries and Museums Act, and the restrictions imposed on the expenditure of the rate of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  in the pound authorised to be levied. It is stated that the Library will contain a fair proportion of the general literature of the country up to the time of its formation; but that, unless some provision be made for keeping up a supply of the current literature, it will fail to meet the requirements of the borough; and it is suggested that this point should be considered by her Majesty's Government, and that such an alteration of the existing law should be made as will authorise the expenditure of any surplus moneys in the purchase of books." &c.

This last suggestion appears to us worthy of being embodied in a new and amended Act, although by itself it would go but a little way; the general complaint being (as in the case of Cambridge), not that the expenditure of the rate is limited to certain objects, but that the rate itself ( $\frac{1}{4}d.$  in the pound) is much too small. In such Acts as Mr. EWART's first one, and in the new Education Bill of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, where the striking of a rate is left to the town council, without the direct interference of the ratepayers, it seems rational enough to limit the amount of the rate leviable, lest a locality might be made to suffer by a sudden fit of extravagance on the part of the municipality. But as in Mr. EWART's late Act (13 & 14 Vict. c. 65), the one at present in force, the assent of a majority of the ratepayers is necessary to the adoption of the Act, there seems no reason whatever why they should be allowed to tax themselves only to a certain amount, especially when that amount is the obviously and evidently insufficient one of  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  in the pound.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE English THACKERAY has returned from America, three thousand pounds (they say) richer than he went there; and the American Mrs. STOWE is likely to return from England a similar gainer—what with the thousand pounds presented to her in Edinburgh, the hundreds by Mr. DOUGLAS of Cavers, and, no doubt, many other pecuniary donations, only excusable on the ground that she has suffered from the want of a law of international copyright:—is not justice much better than charity? The very voyagers paid homage to the genius of our eminent satirist, and he read to them, "by particular request," his lecture on CONGREVE and ADDISON, to the music of the Atlantic waves! Mrs. STOWE had for fellow-passenger Mr. JUSTICE HALBURTON, of *Sam Slick* notoriety, who (they say) played off all manner of tricks on her; Mr. JUSTICE actually harrowing her feelings by producing, as a proof of southern cruelty, a razor-strop, which he alleged was made of—nigger-skin! The authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was squired to a dinner at the Mansion-house by the author of *Pickwick*—itself, no doubt, a considerable honour;—but her reception on Saturday week at Stafford-house was her culmination, another added to the many literary culminations which a pleased Mr. GRAVE has to keep for ever chronicling. At Stafford-house (the dual hostess never heard, perhaps, of an incident in our social history called the "Sutherland clearings") the flower of the British aristocracy and the British cabinet was assembled—the Right Honourable Gentleman, Chancellor and Under Treasurer of her Majesty's Exchequer assisting! Somehow or other one has not heard much of Mrs. STOWE since:—were their graces, their lordships, and their ladyships a

little disappointed, bored, and mystified by the long tirade from Mrs. CLAY, the history of the success of the book (complete, had it not been for the wicked Doctor's article in the *Times*), and the statistics of the sale of "The Key,"—65,000 copies in three days? Yet smile as we may (and one cannot help smiling) the whole affair testifies to the "great fact" of the age, the universal belief, namely, in the "claims of labour,"—a belief visible in THACKERAY'S delineations of the World of Plush, as well as in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Not that Mr. GRAVE is going to turn a "friend of humanity!" By the way, Mrs. STOWE, at Stafford-house, suggested, as a practical help to her emancipation exertions, an English renunciation of the use of slave-grown cotton: will the Right Honourable Gentleman, Chancellor and Under Treasurer of Her Majesty's Exchequer, propose a prohibitory duty on that species of the Manchester staple?

Books by Lords and Ladies, more volumes of the memoirs of Moore, a first instalment of the memoirs of Fox, have been issuing from the press; yet the Doctor has been silent in the *Times*, eclipsing the gaiety of nations! Can the treasurership of the Crystal Palace wholly occupy that capacious mind, or is it saddened by the rejection of the Jew-bill, a rejection, too, due to those very "dukes, earls, barons," who lately lifted the Doctor into lyrical ecstasy. But if the Doctor be mute, a literary colleague or confrère survives to the leading journal, which, on Friday, devoted a leading article (what an honour!) to a rapid survey of contemporary English literature, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, and finding all barren—no poet left but—AYTOON! The *Times*' estimate of the British literary world is as melancholy as Mr. GRAVE's, and, like him, it recommends, as one remedy at least, that a stimulus be given, in the education of our youth, to the study of English literature. Were not the English "the most conservative people on this side China," they would long ago have effected a very considerable reduction in the stock of "classical learning" insisted on in their educational institutions; and, as the present writer keeps repeating, if the nation is content to read its Bible in English, without learning Hebrew, why should it not put up with a vernacular body of classics? There is, moreover, another cause for the declining state of English literature, the condition, namely, of the British publisher. Peculiarly, he is richer than ever; commercially, he is more enterprising than ever; but, intellectually, he is, perhaps, stupider than ever. How singular to the reflective mind is the relation of the publisher to the published! The cheesemonger may sell bad cheese, the licensed victualler bad beer, the tailor bad cloth, but each knows good from bad in his respective commodity. Not so the publisher:—curious to relate, he does not know good from bad, and can only guess at the quality by the sale. Alas! how under such circumstances can that last long?

Even SHAKSPEARE'S birthday has gone almost uncelebrated, the Stratford festival being presided over by no one better than Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, and the newspapers scarcely deigning to notice it, however briefly. A noisier Shakspeare-celebration was the presentation to Kossuth of a magnificent copy of the plays, bought by the penny subscription of working-men, and presented with oratory from COBDEN on the taxes on knowledge. Could there not, at the thought of SHAKSPEARE, and at the sight of his works, have penetrated, even into COBDEN'S head, some dim idea of the non-dependence of genius and its developments on taxes, and economics, and materialisms? It was not "cheapness" that produced either the "supply" or the "demand," in the case of the Elizabethan drama; what it was who can tell?—The decline of the drama is a stock theme of the critics; but Mr. GRAVE will content himself with chronicling another failure, that of Mr. BROWNING'S *Colombe's Birthday*, following hard on the failure of Sir E. B. LYTTON'S *Not so Bad as we seem*, and DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *St. Cupid*; both of them failures, despite the journalistic plaudits.

The melancholy and literary leading article in the *Times* was suggested by the dinner of the Literary Fund, which came off on Wednesday, Mr. D'ISRAELI in the chair; and his rather numerous speeches on the occasion were the only orations reported. To judge from them, the Literary Fund is a perfect institution, its management a model of management, and not the slightest hope of expansion or improvement, or progress of any kind was thrown out. Quite "official" speeches were the speeches of the Right Honourable Gentleman, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, as if it had been a Government office to be defended. The "voluntary principle" looks very fine on paper; and centralisation and Government interference look very hateful on the same material. But in practice, something can be done with a Government office; you can at least get a select committee on it, and a bluebook about it. The *Athenæum* and Mr. EXAMINER may grumble for another year at the Literary Fund, without ever getting a select committee and a blue book. Already these two journals, with their new ally, the *Daily News*, have begun another twelve-months' campaign against the unfortunate Institution; the *Daily News* even talking in a trenchant tone about a "new charter," as if the Literary Fund's, like the East India Company's, were about to fall in!

One suggestion, which all three Journals unite in making, has Mr. GRAVE'S decided opposition; it is, that the management of the fund should be vested exclusively in members of the professional-literary class. For any sake, No! Gentlemen; Mr. GRAVE hopes that on all due occasions he "stands up for his order," of whose talents and accomplishments he is proud. But Heaven have pity on the literary wight who in his misfortunes has to appeal to a clique of professional *littérateurs*, whom he has never toadied or hung about. Give us a managing committee of publishers even—nay, of bricklayers or of cobblers—rather than one of authors!

The precious life of Sir ROBERT PEEL has not been endangered, as was reported, in a duel with BERNAL OSBORNE; and the Honourable Baronet delivered last week his usual lecture on Switzerland in the Town-Hall of Birmingham,—that gratuitous deliverance being flocked to by the inhabitants of the same iron metropolis, which presented Mr. CHARLES DICKENS with a "silver" salver, but refused a rate of 1d. in the pound for the establishment of a free public library. My Lord CARLISLE has probably delivered his two lectures on POPE and GRAY at Crosby-hall; but the newspapers appear to have grown weary of him and of them, and furnish no record of the event. My Lord ELLENBOROUGH is off to Yankee-land, and will lecture no more in England for some time; nor is his "original" work on London during the funeral day of the Great Duke any more advertised. His Lordship goes to represent Great Britain at the New York Exhibition—DILKE junior (son of Mr. DILKE of *The Athenæum*) sharing that function with his Lordship, probably because of the singular services of the *Athenæum* in the way of disclosing and encouraging unrecognised genius! Professor AYTOON is midway in his Course of lectures on Poetry and Dramatic Literature, at Willis's Rooms; and Mr. GRAVE heard with some gratification the best of them hitherto delivered, on National Ballads, last Friday afternoon. There is the pleasing frank cheerfulness and scholarship and nationality of the clever Tory Edinburgh advocate about the Professor:—were he plain SMITH or JONES, without position, no one would give a half-penny to listen to him; but as he is the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, what wonder that his lectures are attended by the literate and aristocracy and the aristocracy of literature? And other juniors of a different school have come or are coming out as lecturers.—WILLIAM MACCALL, for instance, whose talk THOMAS CARLYLE pronounces to be "pure azure"; and HANNAH, Literary Gentleman to the *Daily News*, not, by the way, the author of the article on THACKERAY in the last number of the *Westminster*—an article he was to have written but did not,—it proceeding from the pen of THEODORE MARTIN, a better half in the anonymous firm of BON GAULTIER, and whose better half, the fair actress, still retains her maiden name of HELEN FAUCIT!

M. PHILARETE CHASLES, who has done so much to diffuse in France a knowledge of the modern literature of England and of Anglo-Saxon America, has commenced at the Collège de France in Paris a new series of lectures on our nineteenth century authors, and promises his audiences lively revelations of the biography of British literature, founded on the memoirs of—WORDSWORTH and of MOORE! In his introductory lecture, he took occasion to pay a passing compliment to Miss BRONTE, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, for having produced in her recent novel of *Villette* one of the best of criticisms on Mademoiselle RACHEL, whom (according to M. CHASLES) she happened to see casually last year in the course of a visit to Paris, necessitated by that calamity, a foreign law-suit. While M. CHASLES has been talking thus glibly about our fair fictionist, the London correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is complaining to his editorial powers that he can discover nothing about "Fräulein CRRER BELL," not her real name, nor her residence even! He tells pathetically how he addressed a letter to her, requesting a few such particulars, and, leaving it at her publishers', received not the slightest answer. Unfortunate London correspondent!

Literary resemblances through the newly-opened exhibition of the Royal Academy. Last year, SKIMPOLE JUNIOR frowned from his walls; this year we have, as an appropriate sequel, likenesses pictorial or plastic of a precious trio, Messrs. DOUGLAS JERROLD, HEPWORTH DIXON, and GEORGE DAWSON. Infinitely more interesting than any of these moderns is the statue, from the eminent chisel of Mr. THEED, of old HUMPHREY CHETHAM, the seventeenth-century Manchester merchant, founder of the free public library at Manchester, which till very lately was the freest and most public in the kingdom. Mr. GRAVE formerly announced its existence in model, after having visited the latter, and intimated that it was to be executed at the expense of a former scholar educated at the free school which old HUMPHREY also founded; and it now remains to be added, that this act of pious gratitude is not due to any Manchester millionaire, or millocrat, or cotton-lord, but to one who still "carries parcels!" Apropos of Free Public Libraries, the Government is said to have under its consideration a scheme for supplying those institutions to rural districts and thinly-tenanted localities which cannot take advantage of Mr. EWART'S two acts. BAINES of Leeds

lately tried or talked of trying to start itinerant circulating libraries in the rural districts of Yorkshire, but on the "voluntary principle," a principle quite inadequate to any such end. And Marylebone Free Library is at last getting under way; for it has a secretary, and is about to have a *soirée* in aid of the preliminary fund.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE, the well-known "Whistler at the Plough" whose recent ill-treatment by the agents of the Peace Society claimed and found the general sympathy of the public, has just received from Lord ABERDEEN the sum of 100*l.* out of the Royal Bounty Fund. The Peace Society, itself, is advertising prize essays, after the fashion of the moribund Anti-Corn-Law League, but, with more judgment than the latter body, announces that the choice of adjudicators will be entrusted to the Chevalier BUNSEN, a circumstance which ensures competency, or at least respectability, on their part. Another agitating association, the Society for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, has met with a check in the decision given against its agent COLLETT, in the matter of the *Potteries Free Press*, an unstamped newspaper, started on purpose to be prosecuted. COLLETT will suspend its publication, and be quiet for a little, it is to be hoped!

BRIGHT'S return of stamps issued for newspaper supplements during the year 1852 has been printed, and shows that several provincial newspapers are in the habit of issuing supplements regularly. Among them figure, of course, the newspapers of Manchester, which do not deserve, however, much consideration from the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—they having all of them, not long ago, taken advantage of their monopoly of the market to raise their prices. Yet, on the whole, and without reference to any particular journals, would it not be well for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to augment the largest size allowed by law to a penny stamp into the largest size actually used by any newspaper? Meanwhile, a deputation of provincial newspaper proprietors has been waiting on Mr. GLADSTONE, to remonstrate with him, and the Newspaper Stamp Bill is deferred for a while till inquiries are made, the Right Honourable Gentleman no doubt intending to do what is fair and square!

FRANK GRAVE.

#### MORNING MUSINGS.

BY EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

This morn I mused, as on my couch I lay,  
On what I had and what I had not done,  
Ere o'er the grass was shed the light of day.  
And ere the radiance of the morning sun  
Shone on the face of Alfid\* TENNYSON—  
What path of life my foot-steps did await  
Of life, whose toil already had begun,  
Should I be aye content with this my state,  
And parody what I would gladly emulate?  
Why should we raise our voices to Content,  
As sweetest maid descended from on high?  
Sure emulation from the Heaven was sent  
To raise man's thoughts exultant to the sky,  
Nor let them slow plod onward, till they die  
Within one sphere; but still to make them soar  
Swift as the lightning flashing sudden by  
On wing that ne'er shall flag—till distant shore,  
Earth, sea, and sky at once his matchless pow'r adore.

THE WELLINGTON AND UNITED SERVICES BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The proposed national memorial to the late Duke of Wellington has taken the form of a Benevolent Institution, which is to provide for worn-out or disabled soldiers and sailors. The plan is a very comprehensive one, and the purpose truly patriotic—entitling it to the encouragement of all benevolent men. We refer to the advertisement in the last number of THE CRITIC for more ample details.

FRENCH PUBLISHING.—The number of works printed in French presses, during the first four months of 1853, has been 2,751, or 241 more than in the corresponding period of 1852; of engravings and lithographic prints, 699, or 71 additional; of pieces of music 427, or 235 more; and of maps 56, or 24 additional.

DUTIES ON BOOKS.—A Custom-house return published lately, gives the total amount of the duty paid on the importation of books. That duty amounted in the year 1840 to 8,493*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; in 1844, to 9,481*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*; in 1845, to 10,490*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*; in 1851, to 9,992*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; and in 1852, to 7,525*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

PARENTS.—Christian parents regard their children as gifts inviolably intrusted to them by the Creator and Redeemer. They purify, through a sense of redemption, their parental feeling from the vanity, on the one hand, always adherent thereto; and, on the other, from the sorrow and weakness peculiar to such feeling, Mark x. 14. They do not take from parental power, by passionate misuse, the glory of love, Col. iii. 21; Ephes. vi. 4 (*ἀρεθίζετε πατέρες υἱοὺς*), but they unite in education, discipline, Heb. xii. 7, with admonition (*νομοθεσία*), and conduct them by such to maturity in the Lord, by the law to the gospel, and by the latter to the former. Moreover, the conduct of age towards youth is regulated by the same spirit, as well as that of instructors (fathers, 1 Cor. iv. 15; 1 Tim. v. 1) towards their scholars.—Nitzsch's *System of Christian Doctrine*.

\* A print, hung so as to catch the first ray of the morning sun.



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## HISTORY.

*History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.*  
Vol. V. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D.  
Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS, the fifth volume of our author's *History of the Reformation*, is no less remarkable for its spirit of sterling and uncompromising Protestantism than its predecessors. For Englishmen it will have, we think, a special interest, as its pages are dedicated to the origin and progress of evangelical religion in their own country. It contains not only the particulars of every movement made in England against the Church of Rome, but the history of that more ancient and primitive Christianity, the establishment of which towards the end of the second century in Britain is a fact sometimes forgotten by the modern theologian, and sometimes, we fear, purposely ignored by him. That such a primitive Christianity, derived from the Eastern Churches, and taught by missionaries from the East, was established amid the Druid altars and aboriginal inhabitants of ancient Britain, is a fact beyond doubt. With occasional reverses, eclipses of the light of the true religion, it existed in England till the close of the tenth century, when it sank, conquered by the power of the Papacy. Not long, however, did England remain wholly prostrate at the foot of the Papal throne. Our author dates the reaction to begin in the time of William the Conqueror, and to have continued, in occasional rebellions and protests, against the Pope's spiritual or temporal authority, till the final establishment of our National Church in the reign of Henry the Eighth. In point of historical importance, our author's account of the origin of the Reformation in the sixteenth century must be considered superior to the rest of his work; but we confess we lingered with more interest over the lives of those earlier professors of the Christian faith who first brought the Gospel to these isles, and whose names, almost unknown in history, have not survived to become the mouth-piece of religious faction. These primitive Christians were first called Culdees; and their abodes after death were converted into religious houses. In the year 563 a little band of these missionaries, headed by Columba, a man of great piety and of royal blood, converted the inhabitants of Iona, and there founded a school of theology.

Our author informs us that presbytery and episcopacy were considered almost identical among these early Christians. The religious and moral element still predominated, and the sacerdotal, destined to be called into action by the Romish Church, was in abeyance. At Bangor, Iona, and other places, they formed large communities, and sent missionaries into Ireland. In the year 590 twelve of their clergy departed by common consent, to preach the gospel in France and Switzerland; and had they succeeded in converting the still Pagan Saxons of England, our author believes that this island might not have passed under a foreign yoke. That ambitious and able pontiff, Gregory the Great, first conceived the design of converting England. Successful in other quarters, the Romish priests whom he had dispatched on this errand penetrated the stronghold of the Christian Church at Iona, and challenged the members to a doctrinal discussion, when, less skilled than their opponents in the arts of casuistry and rhetoric, the primitive Christians were obliged to confess themselves defeated. The triumph of the Romish Church was then complete, and its sway well-nigh universal. The pope selected a bishop named Theodore to act as a sort of spiritual vice-regent over the island; and this prelate assembled a council at Hertford, to whom he gave the canons of the Romish Church, not the Scriptures, to be their guide. Yet great minds arose from time to time even in this Cimmerian era of the Church, as stars are seen to shoot most vividly in the darkest skies, to make a lifelong protest against the errors of Romanism. Among these was a remarkable man, John Scot Erigena, a native of Ireland, better known in history as Duns Scotus, whose doctrines, free, mystic, and daring, may be said to furnish us with the earliest type and forerunner of the philosophic rationalism of modern times.

His active mind, not satisfied with abjuring traditional error, sought for truth, not in the word, or the church, but in himself. It is therefore not surprising that like other modern rationalists, he fell into errors with regard to the Deity which bordered upon Pantheism.

But a far greater than he was to come. It was in the reign of Edward III. that the greatest of our English reformers, according to our author, made his appearance on the theological arena in the person of Wickliffe. He is indeed exalted by M. D'Aubigné above Luther. Whether our author is influenced in forming this high estimate by any antagonism of doctrine between the monk of Erfurt and Geneva, we would not undertake to say; but Wickliffe appears, on his showing, the most able and enlightened man of the two. It is well known that he made the first English translation of the Bible, a task which occupied him as much as fifteen years; and he is described to have exemplified in his character the rare union of a bold and speculative understanding with that practical bent peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. In the lifetime, and, according to our author, owing to the influence, of this great reformer, the foundation was laid of the glorious structure of the Reformation by the enactment in Parliament of the celebrated statutes—that of *Præmunire* and *Provisors*. The same body also passed a resolution that “the Pope was but a man, subject to sin; but Christ is the Lord of Lords, and this kingdom is held directly and solely of Christ alone.” Here then, and not in the reign of Henry VIII. as is commonly supposed, is the commencement of the Reformation. These laws, passed with singular courage and intrepidity, when we take into consideration the priest-ridden character of the age, are the very corner-stone of the structure. It was neither the obstinacy of the Pope, or the Protestantism of Henry VIII. or Anne Boleyn, from which that memorable event took its rise; but from the preaching of Wickliffe, and that spirit of freedom and impatience of a foreign yoke which would seem inherent in our Anglo-Saxon character and political institutions.

M. D'Aubigné does not omit to give us an outline of the reformers who followed in the path of Wickliffe. He asserts that when the celebrated Erasmus gave the world, from his printing press at Basle, a new Greek Testament with a Latin translation, the mind of that erudite and accomplished man of letters failed to grasp or foresee the results which its publication was destined to bring about. He seems to have believed that good men of all creeds would unite without schism in a work for which he so plainly perceived the necessity till the onward march of events dissipated his delusion.

“A spiritual temple must be raised in desolated Christendom,” said he. “The mighty of the world will contribute towards it their marble, their ivory, and their gold; I, who am poor and humble, offer the foundation stone. . . . It is not from human reservoirs, fetid with stagnant waters, that we should draw the doctrine of salvation, but from the pure and abundant streams that flow from the heart of God.” And when some of his suspicious friends spoke to him of the difficulties of the times, he replied: “If the ship of the church is to be saved from being swallowed up by the tempest, there is only one anchor that can save it: it is the heavenly Word, which issuing from the bosom of the Father, lives, speaks, and works in the Gospel.”

Such were the sentiments of Erasmus, of whom our author remarks “that, like Caiaphas, he prophesied without knowing it.”

Every page in the latter part of M. D'Aubigné's volume affords a contradiction to the popular fallacy that Henry VIII. favoured the progress of the Reformation. The monarch who made such men as Bilney, Bainham, Tewkesbury, Bennet, and others, undergo martyrdom for their faith, was its relentless and cruel persecutor. He quarrelled with the Pope, not because he was attached to the Gospel, but in consequence of the obstructive policy pursued by that personage with respect to his long desired union with Anne Boleyn. He persecuted the Reformers because his sensual tastes and mind could neither appreciate or comprehend the Gospel-purity of their doctrines, or the holiness and piety which were exemplified in their lives. At the very time he declared himself independent of the Pope's temporal authority, he

himself was engaged, with singular inconsistency, in a crusade against the lives and liberties of those whose only crime was their denial and repudiation of his spiritual sway. Some curious historical details respecting the protracted negotiations for Henry's divorce, Anne Boleyn, Wolsey, and other celebrated personages of the age, are to be found in M. D'Aubigné's work. But its chief merit in the eyes of all who share the author's faith, especially those interested in the Romish controversy, will be the evidence by which he establishes the existence of a primitive Christian Church in these islands before the coming of those missionaries of Pope Gregory the Great who introduced the distinctive rites and doctrines of Romanism; and his elucidation of the true origin of the Reformation. Viewing the present aspect of things, these facts are of as much significance now as in the more remote times in which they occurred; and as such, we commend them to the consideration of our readers.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.*  
Edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Vols. I. and II.  
London: Bentley. 1853.

THE original materials contained in these volumes were collected and partly arranged by the late Lord Holland, with the view of constructing from them a life of Charles James Fox. Lord JOHN RUSSELL engaged to give the work a healthy tone, that it might appear with credit before the public.

It will be necessary to attend to the arrangement which the editor has made to enable the reader to distinguish the paragraphs of the principal contributors. The passages written by Lord Holland are generally marked V. H. at their close; those of Mr. Allen are included in brackets []; and the editor's between asterisks \*\*, with the additional distinction (occasionally) of the initials J. R. The extracts from Walpole's journals are not difficult to recognise. With this key to the *authorship*, the reader may proceed to examine this heterogeneous mass of facts, anecdotes, and correspondence.

The Holland family is said to have risen from the “lowest extraction,” and its founder to have made his money, “somehow or other,” in the troublesome times of the Stuarts. The father of Sir Stephen Fox was a country gentleman, with a rental of only three hundred a year—a fact which his posterity no longer endeavour from “venial” pride to conceal. It is admitted that Sir Stephen was “a money-getting man in his habits;” but, as an offset to this illiberal propensity, it is gathered from “his panegyrist, his conduct, and his will,” that he was “charitable and affectionate in his disposition.” He is mentioned for his honesty by Clarendon, and for his riches by Grammont. The plebeian origin of the family may account in some measure for the low estimate in which some of his descendants have regarded their honorary distinctions. If there be any truth in hereditary blood, we see no reason why it should not occasionally betray itself in both extremes. If this should be the case, it would be impolitic to confer honours where there is danger that the rewards of virtue or valour may hereafter be held in contempt. That such was not the feeling of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, is proved by the sacrifices which he made to obtain a title, and his mortification at a later period at not being able to improve it. It may also have had some share in the clandestine alliance which he formed with the House of Lenox.

The letters of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, as well as the sensation of the court, on a duke's daughter marrying a man who, though of consequence in the House of Commons, and in the Ministry, was not of an illustrious family, prove the prevalence of an absurd pride in that day which no Englishman can now easily conceive.

We were not aware that the pride of birth was so totally obliterated by the liberal and enlightened views of the nobility of the present day.

[Charles James Fox was third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and of Lady Georgina Caroline Fox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He was born in Conduit-street, on the 24th January 1749 (N. S.).]

We by no means regret that the anecdotes of Mr. Fox's boyhood are so scanty, and think that the editor might with much propriety have struck out the nursery tales of the "clever" infant, whose sagacious prattle at two years and a half old made his affectionate father so immoderately fond. Even the fact of Mr. Fox's chastisement at Eton, after the young gentleman had returned from his travels and resumed his studies, might have been spared.

Publicity given to family anecdotes generally prejudice the character of him the narrator is desirous to extol. When will our biographers learn that such childish tales are pleasing only to gossips, and are certainly out of place in a work of so political a character as the one before us?

Mr. Fox's life began to be important as soon as he entered Parliament. He was returned for Medhurst on the 10th May, 1768. He was then only nineteen years and four months old. He sat and spoke before he was of age. His first speech was on the 9th March, 1769. We are not informed whether he was permitted to vote.

I have in my possession (says Lord Holland) a singular proof of the figure and impression that Mr. Fox made on his first appearance as an orator. A young artist, and, I believe, a reporter of debates, a Mr. Surtees, of Manforth [Mainsforth], in the county of Durham, happened to be in the gallery when he first spoke. At that period no stranger was allowed to make notes or take any paper or note-book into the gallery for that purpose. But this gentleman, struck with the appearance of the youthful orator, tore off part of his shirt, and sketched on it with a pencil or burnt stick a likeness of him, which he afterwards tried to finish at his lodgings, and which, owing to the care of Mr. Sharpe and kindness of Mr. Fletcher, is still preserved in my possession at Holland-house, retaining many traits of resemblance to the dark, intelligent, and animated features of Mr. Fox.—V. H.

If this *rag* was worth preserving, surely Lord Holland might have informed himself and his readers what relation Mr. Surtees was to Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham?

On the debate of the 25th January (says Walpole) young Charles Fox, of age the day before, started up and entirely confuted Wedderburne, even in law, producing a case decided in the courts below but the last year, and exactly similar to that of Wilkes. The court, he said, had no precedent, but had gone on analogy. *The House roared with applause.*

We need not dwell on Mr. Fox's powers as an orator; they are universally acknowledged, and were of too varied a character to admit any other cotemporary rival, except Burke. As a contrast to Fox, there is an amusing account of the failure of Mr. Crawford, in his first and only attempt to speak in Parliament: (Vol. I. p. 81.)

In a work possessing the rare qualities of novelty and abundance of really useful matter, it is difficult to choose subjects of illustration. What may be considered by Mr. Fox's admirers the darkest part of his political life is *hastily passed over*, nor is the cause of his rupture with Lord North and his Tory friends satisfactorily explained. Mr. Fox admits that he was unable to say why he threw up his employment in 1774. Disappointed expectation is very apt to make a man a patriot.

One of the opposition triumphing on the acquisition of Fox from the Court, G. Selwyn said, "You have no reason to triumph; you will be forced to pay his debts, as you did Wilkes's, or you will lose him again."

To the credit of Mr. Fox, this ill-natured remark was never verified.

The letters exposing the duplicity of Lord Shelburne towards his colleague, Mr. Fox, in secretly negotiating the terms of peace with Franklin, by sending to Paris the pliant Mr. Oswald to supersede Mr. Thomas Grenville, are republished in these volumes. This disgraceful transaction has lately been so largely commented on, in notices of the Buckingham Memoirs, that we are surprised Lord John Russell did not content himself with briefly referring the reader to that portion of the last published volumes of the Grenville Papers. Mr. Allen offers something like an apology for Lord Shelburne, but admits that

[It is impossible to justify Lord Shelburne for his favourable reception of so important a paper as the one he had received from Franklin about Canada, without communicating the substance of it at least to his colleagues; nor can he be acquitted of presumption in proposing, without their knowledge, a separate mission to negotiate with the American Commissioners, nor of want of judgment in leaving to Franklin the decision of a point of so much delicacy, which might affect materially the future progress of the negotiation. That this suggestion put a stop to the

proposed confidential communication of Franklin to Mr. Grenville is not improbable, though Franklin accounts for his reserve on this occasion by his finding Mr. Grenville's powers to treat defective; but, if we may judge of the value of such communications by the confidential conversations he had with Oswald, it may be doubted whether much was lost by the want of them. He would have drawn from Mr. Grenville what he could for the advantage of his own country, and given him nothing in exchange but honeyed words and vague assurances of returning affection.]

That Mr. Grenville's "defective power to treat" was not the real cause of Franklin's sudden reserve towards Thomas Grenville and preference for Mr. Oswald, is apparent from Franklin's own words.

"Mr. Oswald," he says, "appears so good and so reasonable a man, that though I have no objection to Mr. Grenville, I should be loth to lose Mr. Oswald. He seems to have nothing at heart but the good of mankind and putting a stop to mischief: the other, a younger statesman, may be supposed to have naturally a little ambition of recommending himself as an able negotiator." The truth is, Dr. Franklin very quickly discovered that Mr. Oswald was a simple-minded, well-meaning man, on whom he could make the impression he chose, and desired nothing better than to have such a negotiator to deal with.

No doubt of it. Oswald was a man after Franklin's own heart. His preference, and the reasons he assigned for it, speak volumes in praise of Mr. Thomas Grenville. We should have thought that the noble editor of these memoirs would not have left it to reviewers to put these facts together and lay them fairly before the public, in order that Mr. Thomas Grenville might receive the tribute of applause due to his memory. It is true Lord Holland, or some one else, has contributed a paragraph as a corollary to this transaction, which is about as explicit and satisfactory as predictions of the weather by the once celebrated Francis Moore. We grudge the space; but when we condemn it is but fair that the parties should speak for themselves.

Whatever may have been the nature and extent of the differences between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox, and whatever may be thought of the grounds of complaint against Lord Shelburne, there can be no doubt, after reading the preceding letters, that differences of opinion, suspicions of underhand dealing, and hostile cabals and intrigues, and great resentment thereupon, subsisted in the minds of Mr. Fox and Mr. Grenville; and the bare existence of such differences unquestionably persuaded Mr. Fox that the public business of the country, and yet more particularly the negotiations for peace, could not be conducted with advantage, with such dissensions and jealousies either between the two Secretaries of State, to whose hands the official correspondence was entrusted, or between a Secretary of State and Prime Minister, who received the King's pleasure upon them. It was on that conviction—surely not unreasonable—that his resignation was grounded, and upon it the vindication of that step must rest.

But Lord John Russell does not let the matter rest here. He defends Lord Shelburne, and questions Mr. Grenville's right to negotiate with Franklin.

The resignation of Mr. Fox upon Lord Shelburne's succeeding to Lord Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury seems to have been almost inevitable. After the secret negotiation of Mr. Oswald at Paris, Mr. Fox could not have conducted the negotiations for peace with that reliance on his chief which was so necessary in so difficult a matter. Putting resentment out of the question, the responsibility imposed on the Secretary of State required a cordiality of co-operation which Mr. Fox could never have expected from Lord Shelburne. . . . Had Mr. Fox declared that he would not serve under any one, or at all events not under Lord Shelburne, who had withheld from him knowledge indispensable to his performance of the duties of Secretary of State, he would have stood on firm ground. The choice of a Prime Minister against the choice of the Crown, and that in the person of a man whose rank and fair character were his only recommendations, appeared to the public an unwarrantable pretension inspired by narrow jealousies and aristocratic prejudices; nor must it be overlooked that, technically speaking, the conduct of Lord Shelburne in the negotiation had, in one part, not been without excuse. Mr. Grenville had, properly speaking, no more right to negotiate with Franklin than Mr. Oswald had to negotiate with Vergennes.

Yet we read, in the minute agreed to by the Cabinet on the 18th May—present among the rest Lord Shelburne—

It is humbly submitted to your Majesty that your Majesty will be pleased to direct Mr. Fox to order full powers to be given to Mr. Grenville to treat and conclude at Paris; and also to direct Mr. Fox to instruct Mr. Grenville to make propositions of independence to the thirteen colonies of North America, and of the

treaty of Paris, and, in case of such proposition not being accepted, to call upon Monsieur de Vergennes to make some proposition on his part, which Mr. Grenville will of course report to Mr. Fox.

The editor's distinction between "knowledge indispensable to his performance of his duties of Secretary of State," and a knowledge of the by-play of Lord Shelburne, Oswald, and Franklin, may be admitted an excuse in diplomatic circles; but in the eye of the public it will not change the complexion of Lord Shelburne's duplicity in this transaction. Franklin lost the principal object of this secret correspondence with Lord Shelburne and his agents, Laurens and Oswald. *Canada was not made a fourteenth province of the United States*, as suggested by Franklin, "as a means of repaying the injury done to American citizens during the war by the English and their allies the Indians, and of affording an indemnity to the loyalists for the confiscation of their lands." As a proof that Mr. Grenville was considered the proper person to treat with Franklin, we have only to quote the sarcasm of La Fayette, who said, laughingly, that he had just left Lord Shelburne's ambassador at Passy. There can be very little doubt that the mortifications which Mr. Grenville experienced, and the obstructions thrown in Mr. Fox's way in concluding the terms of peace with Franklin, arose from a secret understanding between the King and his more highly favoured minister, Shelburne.

The editor endeavours to extenuate the conduct of Lord Shelburne, and at the end of the first volume he contrasts the character of Mr. Fox with that of his more successful colleague; but he cannot acquit the latter of duplicity and insincerity—qualities of the heart which acquired for Lord Shelburne from the King the character of *Jesuit*, and from the people the nick-name *Malagrida*.

The success of the Americans in their struggle for independence revived among the turbulent Irish an ardent desire to emancipate themselves from the control of England. They found a leader fitted to their purpose in Mr. Grattan, who, by a single oration, prevented the adjournment of the Irish Parliament, and paralysed the energies of the functionaries of the new administration. His speech on the amendment to the address carried everything before it. The triumph of the disaffected was complete.

MR. FITZPATRICK TO MR. FOX.

Upon the whole of this business I see the matter in a gloomy point of view. You have sent us upon a hopeless errand, for it was too late even to prevail upon them to consider for a moment what they were doing; and the real truth is, that there is no existing government in this country. This is, I firmly believe, in consequence of Lord Carlisle and Mr. Eden's having, under the auspices of Lord Hillsborough, conducted the affairs of this kingdom with no discredit to his Majesty's government, and with many increasing advantages to both kingdoms. The House of Lords have gone through the same ceremony to day. Charles Sheridan thinks all this mighty fine and very promising; so I dare say will his brother: so far, however, I agree with the latter, that the repeal of the 6th of George I. must absolutely be complied with, right or wrong.

Mr. Fitzpatrick pronounced Grattan an enthusiast.

His situation is enough to turn the head of any man fond of popular applause, but the brilliancy of it can only subsist by carrying points in opposition to Government; and though he chose to make a comparison yesterday between Ireland and America, giving the preference to his own country, I confess I think the wise, temperate, systematic conduct of the other, if adopted by Ireland, would bring all these difficulties to a very short and happy conclusion, to the satisfaction of all parties.

The speaker of the Irish House of Commons is declared to have been "the most undisguised rogue Mr. Fitzpatrick ever met with." Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was Irish Secretary under the Duke of Portland in 1782, felt the inconvenience of the treacherous, cunning policy of George III. He warns Mr. Fox not to send his confidential letters through the post, but to trust them only in the hands of the messengers. "It is amazing how deep root the interior Cabinet had taken, and you will, I daresay, soon find that you have not extirpated it effectually by the removal of its principal members." "We have the misfortune of being here, in the hands of the tools of the last Government, and there is even reason to suspect that our letters may be opened before they reach us."

[After the efforts of the Lord-lieutenant and his secretary to procure an adjournment of the Irish



Parliament till they had instructions from England how to act, it is not a little surprising that Mr. Dundas should have ventured to assert in the English House of Commons that the address moved by Mr. Grattan originated from the Irish Government. A flat contradiction to this assertion was given on the spot by Mr. Fitzpatrick; and "a letter of Mr. Grattan, of a later date, not only places the matter beyond a doubt, but explains the motives of his pertinacity on that occasion."

The reader will be struck with the beauty, strength, and perspicuity of Mr. Grattan's style, brought into contrast with some of the writers whose letters swell these volumes.

[At Lord Rockingham's death, there were of the old Whig, Newcastle, or Rockingham party five members left in the Cabinet, viz. Mr. Fox, Lord John Cavendish, Lord Keppel, General Conway, and the Duke of Richmond. Of these, Mr. Fox and Lord John Cavendish resigned immediately on the appointment of Lord Shelburne to be the First Commissioner of the Treasury. Lord Keppel considered himself bound to remain in office till the campaign was at an end, and, in fact, did not resign till January, 1783. Conway, who affected to be no party man, retained his situation as Commander-in-Chief till the dismissal of the Coalition administration. The Duke of Richmond not only continued in office, but used his utmost endeavours to persuade his friends not to resign. His motives for this conduct will be found in the extracts from Walpole's journals, and in the comments of Lord Holland, annexed to them. It cannot be denied that, whatever plausible reason or first excuse there may have been for the preference given to the Duke of Portland over him, the consequences were most injurious to the Whig party; the defection of a man of such weight and abilities as the Duke of Richmond induced and encouraged others to follow his example; and his firmness during the memorable contests of 1784 is said to have prevented Mr. Pitt from following the example of his cousin, Lord Temple, by resigning in despair. It was on that occasion George III. was reported to have said, "there was no man in his dominions by whom he had been so much offended, and no man to whom he was so much indebted, as the Duke of Richmond."]

(To be continued.)

#### *The Boyhood and Early Life of Extraordinary Men.*

By WM. RUSSELL, Esq. London: Ingram & Co. A HAPPY thought was this. The child is father to the man. The boyhood of men of genius is not common-place. It always shows signs of the greatness that is in them. Their thoughts are not like those of other boys, and therefore they are unlike in their actions. Many, perhaps most of them, have to pursue fame under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, which only perseverance can surmount; for genius is of no rank or station, but may and does appear as frequently among the lowest as among the highest classes. The list of boy-histories in this pleasant and profitable volume proves it. A better book could not be placed in the hands of young persons. It will rouse them to emulation, and inspire a resolve to persevere in spite of every obstacle.

### RELIGION.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. BLACKADER, favourably known to the religious world as the publisher of the "Journal of Sacred Literature," has put forth the first part of a new edition of the English Scriptures, under the following title: *The English Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version; newly divided into paragraphs; with Concise Introduction to the several Books; and with Maps and Notes, &c.* This edition, to judge from the specimen before us, which contains the Book of Genesis, promises to be one of the most complete, accurate, and useful editions of the English Bible that we have yet seen. The division into paragraphs is not, we believe, a new feature; but the present is a new arrangement in sections and paragraphs, and one which has been very judiciously executed. It has the advantage also of giving at one and the same time the old division into chapters and verses, and the new one into sections and paragraphs. The other important features in this edition are, as follows: the principal parallel passages are printed at length in the margin; the marginal renderings of the translators are printed in italics in the margin; many additional notes, partly original and partly selected, are also printed in italics, in the margin, but between parentheses; the poetical books, as well as the hymns and canticles scattered throughout the Holy Scriptures are to be printed rhythmically "on the system of poetic parallelism;" (what does this mean?) and in an appendix to each book are to be given the most important variations of the ancient versions; critical notes from the best sources, British and foreign; and elucidations from modern discoveries. The notes in the appendix to Genesis, which we may presume to be a fair specimen of the work, are drawn up with much care, being for the most part compiled from modern authorities of the orthodox German school, such as Hengstenberg, Hävernick, and others. Great attention

has also been paid in these notes to the "geography and history of the Bible; and the best and most recent sources of information have been consulted—all which are carefully indicated." It remains only to add that the work is printed in small quarto, double columns, on good paper, and with clear and elegant types; and with this brief notice, we heartily commend the present edition of the Scriptures to the attention of our readers.—*Sermons Preached in Bethesda Chapel, Dublin*, by the late Rev. W. H. KRAUSE, A.M. Edited by C. S. STANFORD, A.M. Vols. I. and II. Dublin: Herbert. These present some excellent specimens of Irish pulpit eloquence. The late Mr. Krause was, we believe, originally an officer in the army, which profession he abandoned for that of the Church, and was for many years minister of Bethesda Chapel, Dublin, in which capacity, by his preaching and teaching, he not only effected much good, but conciliated the affections of numerous congregations, and indeed of all who knew him. He died in the prime of life, and his sermons now given to the public labour under the disadvantage of having been reported in short-hand by a lady, a member of his congregation. Notwithstanding this drawback, there is much in them to command attention. The doctrines chiefly inculcated are those which in general are regarded as belonging to the Calvinistic school, and of which Mr. Romaine may be said to be the chief expositor in our church. They appeal principally to believers, as, to use the words of the editor, "They unfold, in all the simplicity of the truth, the love of God, the work of Christ, the influences of the Holy Spirit; the occasion, and character, and progress of the Divine life in the soul of the believer. They are rich in the deepest details of Christian experience, and commend with great power, beauty and tenderness, the consolations under affliction, and the resources under temptation, which are the protection and privilege, the joy and peace, of the child of God." As a means, therefore, of edifying the faithful, these sermons will be found eminently useful.—*The Gospel pointing to the Person of Christ*, by the Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR; and *Baptism; what says the Bible as to its mode and subjects?* by the Rev. THOMAS P. HUNT, are two little works belonging to a series entitled *The Christian's Pocket Library*, published by the Messrs. Rutherford, of Kelso. The former enlarges in a pious and devotional spirit upon some vital truths of Christianity; and the latter, which is in the form of dialogue, discusses the sacrament of baptism, whether it should be by sprinkling or immersion, and whether it should be administered to infants, in opposition to the strait-laced, and upon the whole uncharitable views of the sect called Baptists.—*The Telegraphic Sign, that the End is near; touching the Papal Period of Twelve Hundred and Sixty Years; with Practical and Admonitory Reflections; and an Address to Roman Catholics*, by a Protestant Catholic, belongs to that class of works whose name is Legion, in which it is attempted to combat the Church of Rome upon what we are inclined to consider is not by any means the safest ground of attack upon that Church; namely, the interpretation of certain prophecies in Daniel, and certain visions in the Apocalypse. All such interpretation must rest upon individual conception. The numerous attempts that have been already made in this direction have not served, so far as we are aware, to carry conviction to any mind, and the last and the newest is not always the best. We shall state briefly, in the writer's own words, the object of the present treatise, and so leave it to the lovers of ingenious and fanciful speculation: "The design of the following pages is to show, that Romanism, or Popery, is the great corruption of Christianity, which the Spirit of Prophecy has symbolised beforehand in the Holy Scriptures, as the little horn in Daniel; the man of sin, the son of perdition, by Paul; and the woman sitting on the scarlet-coloured beast, or the mother of harlots, in Revelations." *The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth: or, the Political Events of the next Fifteen Years described in accordance with Prophecies in Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse, &c.* is a far more extravagant and audacious attempt to interpret "the hidden things of God," according to the writer's own vain imagination. The more extravagant and audacious, however, the greater the sale, as would appear by the fact that this wretched publication has already been bought up to the number of eighty thousand. We should not have alluded to it but for this enormous sale, and shall not occupy our space by any notice of its contents, farther than to say, that Nebuchadnezzar, Gog and Magog, the Ten Horns, Hamongog and Armageddon, and the Emperor of Russia and the English East India Company, figure largely in its pages.—A new edition of Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, being the fourth edition of that valuable work, has just been published by the Messrs. Rivington. The same gentleman who contributed many valuable notes to the third edition, namely, Mr. HOLMES, of the British Museum, has enriched the present one by the addition of "many new historical and biographical notes, such as could only have proceeded from one who is deeply versed in all kinds of literary and antiquarian lore."—*The Sabbath made for Man, or a defence of the Crystal Palace*, by JOHN ROSE BUTLIN, contains some striking arguments in favour of allowing the Crystal Palace to be open on the afternoon of

Sunday. The following quotation from Coleridge, giving the judgment of Martin Luther, pronounced against a puritanical observance of the Sabbath, is worthy of notice in a discussion of this important question:—"Luther, in speaking of the good by itself, and the good for its expediency alone, instances the observance of the Christian day of rest, a day of repose from manual labour, and of activity in spiritual labour, a day of joy and co-operation in the work of Christ's creation. 'Keep it holy' says he, 'for its use sake, both to body and soul! but if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty.'"—*The Pro-Popery Conspiracy: a fourth and fifth letter to Sir William Broadlands, Bart.*, by PEN CLER JOCELYN, is a vigorous pamphlet, telling some hard truths about statesmen, churchmen, and newspaper critics, in racy and trenchant language. In the first letter the writer attacks a position laid down by the American correspondent of the *Times*, to the effect that "liberal institutions of any kind seem to be uncongenial with the people of southern climates." This, he says, is "a libel upon our common humanity, and little less than blasphemy." He contends that the unfitness of the Spanish republics in South America, as well as of the Spaniards, the Italians, and the Austrians in Europe, for self-government, is to be traced not to the influence of climate, but to the fetters which the Church of Rome has laid upon men's intellect in those countries; and concludes by observing that, "before the Spaniards of the old world or the new, before Frenchmen, Italians, Irishmen, or Germans can be fit for freedom, they must send the imposture of the Papacy not to Gaeta, but to Gehenna." In the second letter he pronounces judgment upon all who have been guilty of coquetting with Popery, whether ministers of state, ministers of religion, or journalists, and concludes with some severe but appropriate remarks upon a highly favourable review in the *Morning Chronicle*, of certain "Dissertations by the Rev. W. Palmer, Fellow of St. Mary Mag. Ox. and Deacon." In the Appendix are printed several extracts from these "Dissertations," which fully justify the writer's remarks, and which must fill every one with surprise that the Rev. W. Palmer has not yet followed the example of Father Newman in going over to that church for which he entertains such a high veneration.—From the Rev. Deacon MORRELL we have received a second edition of his *Four unanswered Letters, addressed to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, against the Athanasian Creed, with its Damatory Clauses*. With Introductory Remarks, by F. W. STEVENS, B. A. We remarked lately, in speaking of the first edition of these letters, that it would be well for the peace of the Church of England if the Athanasian Creed were altogether expunged from our Liturgy. It is not Catholic and Apostolical, like the other two Creeds; it is invested with no halo of antiquity; it deals only with subtleties, and defines, or attempts to define, mysteries;—why, then, should it be retained as a stumbling-block and rock of offence to myriads of devout Christians both within and without the pale of the Church of England, which in other respects may justly boast herself to be the most tolerant Church in Christendom? Mr. Morrell, in arguing against the Athanasian Creed, admits the doctrine of a Trinity, but only in a modified sense. The Son he acknowledges to be Divine, and the Holy Ghost to be Divine; but the Divinity of the Father towers above all. Any other doctrine of the Trinity must be, he contends, impossible, inconsistent with man's reason, and contradictory to the general tenor of Scripture. This apprehension of the doctrine in question is, we believe, very similar to that of the famous Dr. Samuel Clarke, whose *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, first published in 1719, has been reprinted and circulated by the author of these letters.—*Rosalie; or the Truth shall make you free: an Authentic Narrative*, by Mademoiselle R. B. DE \*\*\* with an Introduction by the Rev. JOSEPH RIDGEWAY, is an interesting and affecting account of the conversion of a young French Lady from the errors of Romanism to the light and liberty and joyousness of the Protestant Faith. The struggles she passed through, the doubts, and fears, and anxieties she experienced, before arriving at the wished-for goal of a peaceful belief, are here all faithfully depicted, and with such an air of truth as scarcely needed the voucher of the editor for their accuracy.—*The Year and his Duties*, by the Rev. ALFRED GATTY, M.A. Vicar of Ecclesfield, is a little work, containing a series of sketches, in which the writer's professed object "has been to do honour, so far as he is able, to a class of men in his own profession—the clergy of our manufacturing towns—who have had little notice taken of their trying mission; although, by a faithful discharge of its arduous duties, they deserve to take rank with the greatest characters upon earth." Now, we have ourselves known such clergy, whose ministrations have lain in our manufacturing towns; but we should think it anything rather than doing honour to them were we to represent them as actuated by a spirit similar to what we recognise in the work before us. This spirit is one of intole-

rance, of bigotry, and of spiritual pride, and is, consequently, the one least adapted to render the ministrations of the clergy in our manufacturing towns useful to the masses. There is a hankering after forms and ceremonies—an undue exaltation of the priest's person and office throughout these pages—which, to all sensible people, must appear very offensive, and we therefore trust that no young clergyman, when thrown into such situations as those described by Mr. Gatty, will be led to adopt his views, and act upon the example thus set before him.—*Wanted, a Curate; or, a peep into Clerical Advertisements: a Satirical Poem*, by GREGORY SHORTCOMMONS, M.A., is one of the most abortive attempts at a satirical poem that we recollect ever to have seen. It is pure doggerel from beginning to end, menlivened by a spark of wit, fun, or humour. It is a pity that the writer should have so far relied on "the most unqualified approbation of a considerable number of private friends" as to have risked the expense of publication.—*A Tract for Soldiers*, by the author of "The Faithful Promiser," &c. inculcates sound morals and religion. It is brief, pithy, and highly appropriate to the class of persons whom it addresses. On Dr. Cumming's authority it is stated that the late Duke of Wellington recommended and ordered this tract to be circulated in the army.

### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Public Education, as affected by the Minutes of the Committee of Privy Council from 1846 to 1852; with Suggestions as to future Policy.* By SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, Bart. London: 1853.

SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH has for a series of years held a position peculiarly favourable for watching the gradual development of that educational policy in which, from its germination, he has taken so prominent a part, and has been so materially interested,—the system of raising the status of elementary education by the employment of partially Government-paid masters of superior attainments, and wholly Government-paid pupil-teachers under them.

At an early period of his official career as Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, he conceived a deep interest in the amelioration of the condition of the lower classes in this country, and warmly advocated the generally-acknowledged principle of affording a sound, practical education to those whose circumstances and degraded position rendered them incapable of acquiring the elements of a moral training, and impervious to the least appreciation of the benefits resulting therefrom. At as early a period as 1838 we find him writing to the Poor Law Commissioners (as reported by them to the Secretary of State for the Home Department) in the following strain:—

The duty of providing a suitable training for pauper children is simple and positive, and is not to be evaded on the plea of the deficiency of such instruction among the self-supported classes, though the duty of society towards the dependent class may serve to illustrate its responsibilities towards every other class. It is important to acknowledge how far ignorance is the source of pauperism, and to show how important an agent for the removal of pauperism is a careful training in religion and industry. Of the ignorance which prevails among the pauperised classes the proofs are abundant.

Again, at the same date, he says:—

Government has effected little or nothing for the education of the poorer classes, while every other Protestant country has, during the past century, employed its best resources wisely and vigorously for the elementary education of the people.

Sir James, however, appears to have receded gradually from this radical position, from which he contemplated raising the moral and religious tone of the community, and to have taken a somewhat higher one, that may be characterised as denominational aids and agencies. He either found it impracticable, or deemed it unwise (contrary to the usual course), to lay a sound foundation upon which to build a superstructure, and so took to ornamental designs, with which to beautify the various existing edifices.

From his present work it may almost be inferred that there are upwards of a million of children who do not attend any school, although so much has for several years been done, with the object of providing them with the means of education. Hear Sir James himself on the results of overlooking this class:—

The connection between ignorance and irreligion is demonstrated—pauperism and crime are proved to flow from the same source: the depraved and ignorant are known to our police, as the dangerous classes, which give a desperate impulse, to popular tumults—as the fermenting leaven of discontent—as the explo-

sive power of sedition. The statistics of our outlay on the means of restraining, detecting, and punishing criminals; supporting the indigent; controlling popular excesses; keeping watch against sedition, and stamping out the fires of rebellion, show that expense to be many times greater than the utmost charge of a system of public education. Every Christian heart is conscious, that the fair outward show maintained by this terrible machinery conceals misery untold—the horrors of guilt—the pangs of pining want—the madness of desperate excess—the festering mass of crime and debauchery in our towns—the poisonings of our secluded hamlets—the bloody conspiracies of our trades unions—the fanaticism of superstition—the hired assassins of ribandism—the incendiarism of the rural districts—the blank solitude of separate imprisonment—the living hell of a convict ship, and the lower depth of a convict gang: these are in the dark back-ground of England's security and wealth.

All this we cordially concede. But, as to the means proposed to obviate such a result, where shall we find the remedy? It surely will not be secured by granting aid to the Church and the various denominations for the purposes of Education. We must act upon a class infinitely below those from which our schools are so numerously attended. Not that we would for a moment have it supposed that we are of that small minority who discountenance Government aid for the purposes of education. Nothing more than a national duty has been performed in the distribution of the aids already granted; and it is only another portion of that duty at once to give a permanent character to all existing appliances, by bringing them under the formal influence and operation of an Act of Parliament. But the great work lies far beyond the precincts, either of Lord John's Bill, or Sir James's suggestions for a future policy. The most difficult portion of the work of education has been performed when the influences of the minister of religion, or those of the school-master, have been brought to bear; but the greater number of those whom our author terms the dangerous classes, bear the name of teacher only to deride, and of school to despise it. As Sir James expressed himself years ago, "the State should be *in loco parentis*" to the children of such a class.

Sir James divides his work into seven chapters, occupying 416 pages, and has added about 80 pages of appendices. In the first chapter he takes a review of parties, whose adhesion or opposition to the plans of the Committee of Council since 1839 has influenced the progress of those plans, or, on the other hand, has placed impediments in the way of that progress. Chapter second gives the result of the Minutes of 1846-7, and details the preliminary measures it was found expedient to put into operation. The third gives an outline of the estimated cost in raising the efficiency of the schools in connection with the various religious denominations to that of schools improved by the aid of the Minutes of 1846. The fourth treats of the augmentation of the income of schools, as connected with an improved administration of charitable trusts. The fifth, of the same subject, as connected with subscriptions, school pence, and collections. The sixth, the functions of the civil government in the education of the poor. The seventh, of the condition and prospects of elementary education in Scotland.

In the following extract, we have the opinion that Sir James forms of the voluntary scheme of education and its adherents:

The controversies which occurred in 1846 kept open the wound which had been inflicted in 1842; and the energy and ability of Mr. Baines have since been exerted, with unremitting zeal, to propagate the principles on which this estrangement depends. The objection of this section of the Congregational Dissenters is, to prevent the smallest interference of Government for the promotion of public education. To this end, they endeavour to prove the sufficiency of the voluntary efforts of the people to educate themselves, and they attribute to the aid of the State, in any form, a tendency to extinguish voluntary charity—to benumb the intellect—to undermine the independence of the managers of schools—to dwarf the energies and to stunt the growth of the freedom of the nation, if not to enslave it by a tyranny worse than that of either force or ignorance—a despotism over thought, which would render religion and truth themselves a state machine.

Lastly, we give his views of the connection between religion and education, and of the probable acceptance of a school rate, if that connection be respected:

No one who has examined the history of English Public Education, can doubt, that to attempt to separate it from religion, would be to offer the rudest violence, not only to the traditions of the country,

but to its institutions, whether they be the growth of centuries or the most modern offspring of the popular will. When the annual grants for promoting education first obtained the sanction of Parliament, no evidence had transpired that the instruction of the people was sought by any class as a purely political object.

The schools attached to the ancient religious houses, whether intended for the middle classes or the poor, were emanations of that power which the Church then exercised, for the Christian civilisation of Europe; but if their objects were in any sense political they were under ecclesiastical direction. No hope could be entertained of the acquiescence of the religious communions in the school rate, unless the constitution of the school as respects its management continue unchanged, and, whatever securities were given to the rights of conscience, unless the peculiarities of its religious discipline and instruction were left without interference. The school rate, as thus applied, would encounter no resistance from large sections of every religious communion, which would have regarded with consternation any attempt to withdraw the school from their control, or from their peculiar instruction in religion. The majority would have looked upon the secular school as an institution arrayed against religion—as an attempt to plant the Tree of Knowledge instead of the Tree of Life; and those who had inherited the independence of the Puritan, as well as those who maintained the Apostolic Mission of the Church, would have denied the right of the State to extract one farthing from them, for the support of the only English Institution, from which the truths of Revelation were by direct law excluded.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*An Art-Student in Munich.* By ANNA MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

*A Visit to Mexico by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and United States, with Observations and Adventures by the Way.* By W. PARKISH ROBERTSON, Author of "Letters on Paraguay." In 2 vols. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

MISS HOWITT combines the genius of both her parents, and these brilliant volumes afford abundant proof that the fame, if not the name, of the family will be preserved through another generation. She has all the natural feeling and natural expression of it that distinguish her mother, and she adds to this a liveliness and a keen sense of the humorous peculiarly her own. She possesses the artist's eye for an effect, a scene, a group, and she portrays it with an artist's pen—yet without art,—and its very charm consists in this artlessness of description, which prompts her to tell just what she has seen precisely as it was presented to her eye.

Perhaps this attractive feature of Miss Howitt's work is partly due to the fact that it was not written for publication, but consists substantially of the contents of a series of letters addressed by her to her mother during a residence in Munich as an art-student. These letters were so very lively and amusing, that they were shown to some friends, who read them with almost as much interest as did the family for whose information they were written. Thus, becoming talked about in literary circles, they chanced to come into the hands of the editors of the *Athenæum* and of *Household Words*, both of whom were so pleased with them that they asked and obtained permission to publish passages from them in their several journals. In this manner a considerable portion of the contents of these volumes have already received their meed of public approval, although the admiring readers did not know that they were indebted for the pleasure they had enjoyed to the pen of a young lady who had inherited a name already so famous in English literature.

Miss Howitt, the direction of whose genius lies, or was supposed to lie, in the direction of art rather than of literature, went to Munich about three years ago, with another lady of like tastes, for the purpose of accomplishing themselves in their pursuit amid the teachers and the galleries and the inspiration of the *genius loci* of that capital of modern art. Resolved to see whatever was to be seen, and to enter with a true spirit of enjoyment into the diversities of manners, habits, and character presented by a town whose inhabitants are as various as its buildings, the friends availed themselves of every opportunity that offered to witness the doings of the public life of Munich—its religious ceremonies, its fêtes, its assemblies, its music gardens, as well as its studios, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its frescoes, its churches, and its palaces. We prefer the pictures of the people to the descrip-



tion of works of art, for there is in them more of novelty and spirit; they are lifelike, real, and are presented clearly to the mind of the reader. But the sketches of pictures and statues are often indistinct, perhaps, because a work of art is, in fact, incapable of being described in words—that which constitutes the genius of art being more of an emotion than a positive object. Certain it is we never yet read a description of any great work of art that conveyed the slightest conception of it anterior to its been seen, and Miss Howitt has not done that which so many others have failed to do. But these occupy only a small part of the pleasant pages before us, most of which are filled with graphic sketches of men and manners, a theme ever attractive, because ever changing, ever new, and inexhaustible in its variety.

But, like most works of this class, the merits of Miss Howitt's volumes can be better exhibited by extracts than conveyed by eulogies of a reviewer; and we will not longer detain our readers from the treat they will enjoy in the perusal of the few passages we can find room for than to recommend him to procure a work which he will devour with eagerness, thanking us for introducing it to his notice. Here is a picture of

#### A STUDENT'S TORCH PROCESSION.

Imagine these two approaching streams of torches, borne in the hands of youths and young men quaintly attired in hooded cloaks, or in black velvet coats, and each student wearing a small tricolour skull-cap of the colours of his corps, and with his corps-band crossing his breast. As the torches burned down, the youths, to refresh the flame, struck them on the ground, leaving as they marched along streaks and sparks of fire behind them. Here and there, at certain distances up the centre of the broad street, between the lines of torch-bearers, strode the signors of the different corps, one by one, in full costume of black velvet coat, with a broad tricolour scarf crossing the breast, with white leather breeches and huge black shining boots, which reached above the knee, with spurs and jingling sword sheaths ringing upon the frosty earth, and bearing in their hands gleaming naked swords. Up the centre also slowly progressed, here and there, an open carriage, in which sat students wearing their tricolour corps-caps, but otherwise dressed as if for a ball, in black coats, white waistcoats, white cravats, and white kid gloves. These were the students deputed to wait upon the favourite professor. The ruddy torch-light flared upon the groups of spectators crowding the causeways; upon the spectators leaning from windows; upon the broad portals and white facade of the Ludwig's Church, bathing in warm light the rounded arches, the sculptured saints and capitals, whilst the two slender towers faded away gradually and mysteriously into the upper darkness and coldness of night. The torches with their columns of ruddy smoke swayed to and fro, here leaping up and casting their crimson glow upon some fair-haired and delicately featured youth, or upon the gigantic stalwart corps-signor who strode beside him, and whose brawny proportions, closely cropped red hair and burly beard, and gleaming broadsword, showed forth wildly in the unearthly light like those of some old German knight of the middle ages. Further down the street the torches flitted and danced like hundreds of fire-flies. Leaving the Ludwig Strasse and crossing two or three squares, we found the fiery tongues flitting through a grim old gateway, which leads into the older portion of the city. They cast their red illumination upon many a heavy balcony, upon many a quaint old-gabled house, upon many a dingy frowning portal, upon many an antiquated shop. Their red light flared also upon a house with a long row of high windows running along the ground-floor, and which were defended with iron stanchions, quite prison-like. It was a great school of boys; and all these windows were crowded with animated boyish faces, rosy, pale, plump, meagre, handsome, plain—illuminated with eagerness as well as by the torch-light. You saw how the little fellows burnt with desire for the time when they, no longer prisoners, should, as free, jovial, and admired "*Musen-söhne*," march gallantly through the streets with music, torches, and loud shouts of "*Victoria Bavaria!*" At length the procession paused; the musicians arranged themselves on either side of a somewhat humble-looking house. The corps-signors grouped themselves in the centre of the street opposite. Was this small, almost mean-looking dwelling, then, the home of the beloved and learned professor, in whose honour the whole University had come forth in such gallant array? Or must not the professor rather live in one of the two lofty antiquated and imposing mansions which rose to the right and left of the humble abode? Yes, the professor probably would come forth and address his pupils from that heavy balcony of fantastic iron-work which adorned the larger of the two imposing mansions. But no! there is no festive look about the great houses. About the little house there is an expectant air. Lights shine through the four windows of the middle story. In one window burns a taper; another window is open. Soon the students who have arrived in carriages descend and enter the

house; they may be seen in the lit-up room conversing with a grey-headed gentleman. The two bands of musicians greet the great professor with music. One of the students calls forth a congratulation from the street; the grey-headed gentleman leans out from the open window, and in a low voice, whose tones scarcely reach us where we stand, addresses a few words to the crowd below. The signors clash their swords together; there is a loud but brief hurrah! the music bursts forth once more; again the professor bows from his window, and a lady gazes down upon the crowd from the window where burns the taper. A glimpse is caught of the student-deputies drinking wine within the professor's lighted rooms; and the train of torches once more moves along. The procession again wound through the picturesque streets, passed beneath another grim old gateway, and emerged upon a large square. Here the torch-bearers forming into a vast ring, the quaintly attired corps-signors, with their brandished swords, stood in the centre, with the musicians on either hand. The voices of the many hundred students burst forth like the murmur of the ocean into the solemn *Guadeamus Igitor*. Then, clashing their swords, the signors shouted a loud "*vivat!*" for their University and Academic freedom, and at once hundreds of burning torches were flung whirling and flaming through the air; then falling, formed two pyres, where they burnt down gradually, and smouldered; first, however, sending up vast masses of red flame and columns of dusky, crimson smoke, which cast a fantastic lurid glare upon the rapidly departing crowds.

#### How graphic is this sketch of a visit to

#### THE DEAD HOUSE.

When I neared the cloistered wall which separated the old from the new burial-ground, I perceived a still denser crowd. What could be the attraction? At once it flashed upon me that the attraction was the dead-house,—the living were come to visit the dead! And such was the case. Large windows, or rather doors, opened out of the dead-house into the cloisters. Here people congregate and gaze in at the corpses. I know not whether upon every day of the year the populace of the good city of Munich flocks to this awful spectacle. At all events, to-day there was a great crowd; and I do not believe that any corpse of extraordinary interest was exposed. I observed a considerable number of students among the crowd: as I pushed my way beneath the cloisters I found what had attracted them. Jostled up against by men, women, and children, lay two corpses in their open coffins supported upon biers. I suppose they had been brought out for burial. However, there they were. One was the corpse of a student. He lay in his coffin dressed in his best clothes; his black dress-coat, black trousers, patent-leather boots; a white cravat tied round his throat, white kid gloves upon his hands; he seemed dressed for a ball: but oh! his face—the statue-like expression upon the marble brow, the sunken white cheeks, the heavy eyelids darkened by the touch of death, the thick golden moustache curling over the livid lips! His tricolour corps-band crossed his breast. His hands were folded together, holding upon his heart a large bouquet of fragrant flowers, together with a small cross of black wood. Whilst I looked at him, a peasant-woman dipped a brush into a vase of holy-water standing near the coffin, and sprinkled the poor dead face with it. The other corpse was of an old lady. No one seemed to pay much attention to her. She had no flowers, not even a wreath of artificial ones. She lay stiff and stark in a black silk dress; a prim lace cap was fastened around her rigid, old face; her feet poked out of the coffin in a pair of stuffed shoes tied on with broad sandals. There was something unusually affecting to me in these poor, aged feet attired in the old-fashioned shoes; they evidently were the shoes she had saved up as her holiday shoes, her shoes for feasts and festivals,—and now they were going down with her into the grave to feed the worms. No one but myself cast more than a glance at the poor old lady,—all eyes turned towards the handsome student; she was but a withered last year's kex; he was a vigorous young tree fallen in a sudden storm. The crowd jostled and pushed and talked and made itself very comfortable, greatly enjoying the spectacle. "Eh! eh; that's a fine corpse!" remarked a jolly red-faced woman, wearing a golden swallow-tailed cap upon the very back of her curly black head. "But he does not look so handsome—does he, Lina? as when—" The "when" was lost in a whisper into Lina's ear, and the jolly woman and smart girl passed on. "Ach! and this is what we shall all come to sooner or later," moralized a ragged, shrivelled old man, with a blue nose and a very wheezy voice. "Only nineteen years of age! poor thing! poor thing! and she a *Braut* (betrothed girl), too!" sighed a gentle, motherly-looking woman, who might have been a baker's or a miller's wife, gazing in through the window. "Poor Marie!" spoke another voice: "to think of her lying there in the very ball-clothes in which she was to have danced with her bridegroom at last Thursday's ball!" And the speakers thrust their faces up to the window where many other faces were thrust. On either side of the window hung a kind of "table of contents" of the corpses lying behind the glass. The "table of contents" was framed, and decorated with emblems of mortality. The eager spectators con-

sulted its columns with deep enjoyment, muttering to each other names, ages, and causes of death. When a space at the window offered itself, I also looked through it. I breathed, or fancied I breathed, as I neared the window, the clammy, soul and body sickening odour of death,—that fearful odour which once breathed can never more be forgotten. Looking within, I saw a solemn room where various corpses were arranged upon biers, and where many empty biers were awaiting corpses. In the centre of the room lay the statue-like figure of a young girl—the "Marie" of the speakers, and the Amsels' friend, I imagine. Her face had the pale yellow tint of ivory upon it; her brow was wreathed with myrtle—she was now the bride of death. She lay as if in a trance; her hands were crossed upon her breast; a delicate gauze veil flowed over her down to her feet. A grove of greenhouse flowers bloomed around her pillow, which was trimmed with exquisite lace; flowers bloomed in her hand, flowers bloomed at her feet, and tall waxen tapers rising out of bronze candelabra burnt and twinkled amid the leaves and blossoms. There was a second dead woman's face, which was affecting and beautiful. The head lay slightly turned aside; the lips were crimson; the cheeks, scarcely sunken, were flushed in patches with a bright crimson tint, which looked rather of life than death. Her hair was jet black, and parted with the nicest care over a broad, low white brow. She also was covered with flowers: tender sprigs of passion-flower and fern drooped over her. Close beside her in its little coffin lay an infant. And beyond these there were other rigid faces, old and young and middle-aged, glaring with a ghastly white from distant biers, all with stern profiles set towards the ceiling; all with the wondrous print of death impressed upon them.

Nine years ago Mr. ROBERTSON and his brother published a second series of their travels and adventures in the ex-colonies of Spain, under the title of *Letters on South America*. These had been preceded by *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francis's Reign of Terror*. The two brought their narrative down to the close of 1820. They had purposed to carry them down to 1834, when they quitted the southern hemisphere. In 1843 the brother died, and Mr. Parish Robertson abandoned all thought of again appearing as an author. But in 1845 he was appointed consul for Peru, and consul-general for Ecuador in London in 1847; he became a member of the committee of Spanish American Bondholders, and in this capacity undertook a mission to Mexico soon after the conclusion of the peace between that country and the United States. Two days were allowed to him for preparation. The packet was to sail on the 2nd December. His daughter was to accompany him. They only succeeded in getting aboard with the mails, and instantly the packet was under weigh. The voyage was prosperous until they neared Vera Cruz. Then they were shipwrecked, but escaped with life. The remainder of the work describes what they saw in Yucatan and Mexico. A description of the city of Mexico occupies about one-third of the whole; Real Del Monte and the statistics of the mines fill another one hundred pages; a general review of the neighbourhood of the city is the theme of the fifth part; and the conclusion narrates the return voyage from Mexico to England.

We cannot say that Mr. Robertson has produced a work of very great interest. So many books have lately appeared on Mexico, which is almost as much visited by Englishmen now as Austria used to be, that his account of it lacks novelty, and there is no freshness or originality in his style to create an attraction of its own. We notice, however, with satisfaction, that Mr. Robertson, who is an enterprising and deserving man, is protected against loss from his literary labour by a list of subscribers. One or two specimens of his writing will suffice.

There are three public drives in Mexico. The promenades only commence with Lent, and continue daily through that season. From Easter they are held on a few holidays, and Sundays; then is the conclusion, and the meetings are forgotten till Lent comes round again. But they are very brilliant, as witness this graphic picture of

#### THE PASEO DE LA VIGA.

The paseo lies on the south-east side of the plaza of Mexico, and before getting to it you pass through large and desolate-looking places, very partially built upon. The ruinous bull-ring lies on one side, and clearing the whole at the boundary line, you enter on the paseo. On your left hand is the canal, with double rows of trees on its banks, and plenty of space; in the centre is a wide line of road for carriages and equestrians, and on the right hand are again two rows of trees to form the double avenue. As you approach, you find yourself in a stream of

human beings, all moving to the *paseo*, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, mixed up in one heterogeneous mass, *leperos*, *Indios*, secondary and inferior classes of Mexican men and women, vendors of fruits, sweetmeats, and other things, are the pedestrians, and as they arrive at the *paseo*, they disperse among the trees, or keep to the footway, or loiter on the banks of the canal. Scarcely any respectable-looking or well-dressed person, however, is to be seen in the motley groups. But on horseback what an extraordinary variety of classes! Mexicans of every grade—from the Europe-travelled scions of the highest houses, and the *cavalleros* proper, boasting of their Spanish lineage and unadulterated native grace and greatness, down to the very lowest who can contrive to sport a nag, however ill-fitted both man and beast may be for such a *concurso*, and the splendid-looking intermediate classes. The *rancheros*, the gay citizens, the fancy men of every kind, many of them mounted on fiery steeds, and decked out in splendid Mexican costume—the horses covered with rich trappings, here in silver, there in fine stamped leather—what a mixture! Then foreigners of every nation—particularly the French, English, and German—our own countrymen generally, keeping to their own equestrian properties, and, as I believe, superiority. The whole equestrian turn-out forms a rare sight. But no less heterogeneous is the concourse of carriages and vehicles of every kind. You have them from the value of five or six hundred guineas, down to twenty pounds. The equipages of the first families are really fine, well appointed, and with splendid *frisons*—the large American coach-horses. Some of them cost two thousand dollars (400*l.*) a pair. Then come others, somewhat less dashing, with fine mules, and from this point down they go by degrees, till you get to a family carriage. The concourse is immense. The carriages go up and down the principal drive, of about a mile and a quarter in length, forming complete and compact moving lines, and at two or three different points they draw up, in standing lines, to observe, in silence, the passing to and fro of the moving panorama. The horsemen draw up, ever and anon, in the same way, while in the wide and commodious centre, are parties, some moving in slow masses, others trotting along in familiar chit-chat, and here and there, more lively spirits galloping, three or four abreast, in gallant style. Throughout, order is maintained, when necessary (although that is seldom) by a detachment of cavalry stationed at different parts of the *paseo*. While all this is going on by land, the canal running parallel with the *Viga* is nearly covered with canoes, filled with Indians, who ascend and descend, partly on pleasure, partly on business. The canal springs from the lake of Chalco, passing by the Chinampas; once floating islands, now low lying garden grounds, separated by deep and wide ditches (little canals, in fact); and then goes on (I speak of the canal) to form a junction with the lake of Tezcuco. The canoe-passengers enjoy themselves quite as much as their *Viga* rivals, if not more. The women's heads are profusely adorned with garlands, principally of double red poppies, and both sexes mix in their slow, listless dance, on the ample boards of their flat-bottomed vessels, aided and assisted by the old thrumming guitar. How much this adjunct to the *paseo de las Vigas* tends to add to its picturesque and varied aspect, you may easily imagine: it renders the amusement unique in its kind.

Mr. Robertson was present at a grand ball given by the French embassy, which had been the anticipatory talk of the whole city for two months before it took place.

#### A MEXICAN BALLROOM.

After all, as if by common consent, the Mexican *belles* hit on the *juste milieu*; they were all elegantly, and not over dressed. Madame collected an assemblage overflowing with the *élite* of the Mexican metropolis. The only plainly, perhaps quaintly dressed lady in the splendid saloon of the French Minister, was our clever and accomplished hostess herself. There were a great many fine women, and some very beautiful girls present. The lady did the honours with grace, kindness, and intelligence, talking alternately with all in their own language—Spanish, French, German, Italian, and English. The thing “went” *à merveille*, with one most extraordinary exception, and that was the music. If I indulge in a little railery on this score, Madame cannot take it amiss, for it was certainly no fault of hers. She laughed at it very much herself. She could not make a band—she must take what was made to her hand in Mexico. And what a band! With a recollection of Strauss's, of Weipert's, and of Jullien's, the Mexican band was something to tickle the fancy of a humourist. Figure to yourself, in the recess of one of the windows, level with the floor, and in no way separated from the company, eight or ten, “unshaven, unshorn,” half lame, blind, tatter-de-malion music-scrapers, pouring forth tinklings and sounds which would have driven Jullien stark staring mad in two minutes! And then calling themselves the fashionable quadrille band of the court of Mexico! Instead of grand piano, a sort of hurdy-gurdy! instead of violin and violoncello, thumb-thrummed old guitars! a shrieking fife for the melodious flute! and Heaven knows what other sorts of incongruous instruments of Mexican origin, to make up for the want of flageolet,

oboe and bassoon! Everything else was perfect; so think to European eyes and ears how singular the effect of these musicians, and of their music must have been. The *charivari* of a rustic wedding in England, transferred to Almack's!

Holy Week was a series of spectacles at the churches—to which people went as to a sight, and no wonder, for the exhibition was after this fashion—

#### SCENES IN HOLY WEEK.

In Spanish America, perhaps more than in any other Catholic country, the great object of the administrators of the Church seems to be to render palpable to the senses of the multitude, through the medium of a *simulacrum*, however rude, not only every character and incident of the New Testament, but the tradition of many of those who have their appointed places, as saints in the Roman Catholic calendar. In all the churches, accordingly, you have our Saviour and the Virgin Mary under every possible representation, particularly of suffering. Madame C. de la B— says, “Before each altar was a figure, dreadful in the extreme, of the Saviour, as large as life, dressed in a purple robe and crown of thorns, seated on the steps of the altar, the blood trickling from his wounds, each person devoutly kneeling to kiss his hands and feet.” “As I entered the door of this edifice,” (Nuestra Señora de Loretto,) says Mr. Brantz Mayer, “the first thing that attracted my notice was a side altar converted into an arbour, in the centre of which was a *well*, with Christ and the woman of Samaria beside it. The lady had been fitted out by a most fashionable mantua-maker, in a costume of blue satin, picked out with pink, and while she leaned gracefully on a silver pitcher, resting on the edge of the well, our Saviour stood opposite in a mantle of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and covered with a Guayaquil *sombrero*! (a broad-brimmed straw hat.)” One instance more of my own observation. When in Lima, many years ago, I passed Holy Thursday in marking the religious observances of the day. I came at night to one church, where our Saviour and the twelve Apostles, in wooden effigies, were seated at the Last Supper. The figures were all dressed out in full canonicals, a real *bond fide* supper was laid out on the table, with bottles of wine and glasses, and into the mouth of Judas was stuffed a red Chili pepper, the Cayenne of the country. Let me add, in extenuation of this ultra display of material devotion, that all the viands and wine on the table were, on the close of the church, distributed among the poor. Then, on Good Friday, not only in the churches of the city of Mexico, but in every one throughout the Republic, the Crucifixion, death, and burial of our Saviour, are enacted materially, the idea being to give a faithful representation to the mind, through the eye, of the great and solemn event which is commemorated.

#### FICTION.

##### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Ada Gresham*: an Autobiography. By MARY ANNE LUPTON. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Sir Frederick Derwent*: a Novel. By the Author of “*Fabian's Tower*,” &c. 3 vols. London: Newby.

BILLY LACKADAY's famous song, so inimitably sung by Wright, should have been the motto upon the title-page of *Ada Gresham*—

Mortal man is born to sorrow,  
Grief to-day, and grief to-morrow;

for such is the burden of Miss LUPTON's cleverly constructed and very beautifully written novel. That is our objection to it; and we state it at once, because, with this exception, we have little but praise to bestow upon the work. But we cannot pass this feature of it without a protest against the tendency, on the part of so many of our lady novelists, to revel in the dismal and the doleful. It may be more easy thus to produce an effect; but that temporary excitement is purchased at the price of a lasting popularity, because it can only be attained by a sacrifice of truth. The world is not so bad as it is the fashion with this school of fiction to represent; men and women are not so black as they paint them; there is much of true enjoyment scattered in the paths of even the most miserable. If any proof of this were wanting, it would be found in the fact that those who are loudest in their complainings would not willingly be sent out of the world they profess so to loathe. Offer them the seclusion of a nunnery; surround them with all the creature comforts on the middle of Salisbury plain; exclude them from the sight and sound of the demons in human form whom they describe

with so much zest; and they would decline the offer! In truth, this misanthropy is only a sentiment, which will not endure a trial; and, being a sham, the sooner it is exposed and exploded the better for everybody, even for its professor. Miss Lupton, at least, has no need of any such artificial expedient to give interest to her fictions; and, therefore, we trust that she will not again fall into the same error.

For, barring this defect, *Ada Gresham* is a novel of uncommon power. The characters are drawn with the most delicate discrimination, the nicest shades being admirably painted and preserved. *Ada*, the heroine and autobiographer, is by no means a paragon of perfection; nor is Gascoigne a hero such as romantic imaginations are wont to dream of. The charm of this fiction as a work of art consists, indeed, mainly in the frankness of the confessions made by the supposed biographer. She not only informs us that she is a very faulty personage: she exhibits herself as woefully erring in action. As the story proceeds, the reader discovers more and more the failings of the heroine. The daughter of a city trader, educated in a house of business, and where business only was talked about, it is not wonderful that she should have found refuge from these too hard and cold realities in reverie and romance. Her nature was impetuous and resolute even to obstinacy. She followed her own wilful inclinations, and defied opposition and obstacle. She loved, or believed she did, although she finds at last that a great deal of what she supposed to be passion for another was love for herself. The romance, the passion, the trial, the discovery of the heart's hollowness, the repentance, are beautifully portrayed in a succession of scenes drawn with masterly skill. It was while yet a school-girl that she fell in love with her French master, Gascoigne; he, more prudent, sought to dissuade her from a marriage which, although he loved her, his better judgment told him would not conduce to her happiness. But *Ada* was resolute. She would not be counselled; she would have him; she would marry spite of all warning and entreaty; and when she had done so, she found that her husband's passion was calmer than hers—that he was, in fact, a cold-blooded ascetic, moved mainly by a desire to convert her to certain severe notions he had of a lofty Christian character. Worse still: he had made a rash vow in early life that he would never marry; that he would lead a life of pure celibacy. He broke his vow, saving his conscience with the reflection that he had done so for the sake of making a convert; and she is his wife in little more than name. Thus wretched in her own home, she finds no refuge in that of her parents. In this extremity of misery she discovers that her husband is dying of consumption. Her sense of duty is awakened, and she learns wisdom in suffering. He dies; and as a widow she gains the haven of virtue.

Such is a faint outline of a story, complicated in the narration by many incidents, and the introduction of numerous personages, whose acquaintance should be sought in the pages of the work itself, which, saving the objection we have already stated, is certainly of uncommon ability, alike in the construction of the story and in the telling of it.

“Along a deeply-rutted lane underneath hawthorn hedges in luxuriant blossom, and with high trees nearly meeting overhead, a travelling carriage, with weary horses, was slowly wending its way.” Thus opens *Sir Frederick Derwent*, after the regular fashion of a race of novelists now almost passed away; and this indicates the character of the fiction. It is, for the most part, a story of country life, and the author depicts scenery, and especially bits of rural nature, with the hand of an accomplished artist. He is not so successful in his portraits of persons. He generalises them too much: they are wanting in that individuality of character which nature preserves, and whence it comes that no two persons ever created are exactly alike, whereas the characters who figure in this novel are to be found in many other novels. The author has not a creative genius, but he has a talent for description, and considerable skill in the construction of a story. For these qualities *Sir Frederick Derwent* will doubtless find favour with the mass of readers who patronise the circulating library, although he is not likely to command an audience among the select few who are obliged to be fastidious in their selection of novels for perusal during the few hours they can devote to the pastime.



## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Virginia*; or, *Songs of my Summer Nights*. By T. H. CHIVERS. Philadelphia. The Christian Sabbath, &c. By JOSHUA RUSSELL. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

*Odds and Ends*. By A. E. MARSHALL. Pickering. *Songs and Ballads*. By H. GRAZEBROOK. Whitaker.

*The Gwyddonwryson Wreath*. By W. D. EVANS. Hope and Co.

*The World*. J. O. Clark.

*Dioramic Sketches*. Hope and Co.

*Wanderings in the British Islands*. By J. FULLERTON. Hope and Co.

*Christmas at the Hall, &c.* By T. J. TERRINGTON. Longman and Co.

*Poems*. By the Rev. C. MAGNEY. Pickering. *Tales of the Forest*. By SNEELIUS SCHICKHARDUS. Madden.

FRESH from a review of Alexander Smith's poems—those wonderful revelations, and musical palpitations of a large brain and a rich heart—we turn with languid interest, even with frosty indifference, to the batch of books whose names head this article. More saddening than usual seems the cold, glittering polish of the mere artistic rhymers, more hopeless than ever our unwearied attempts to direct common-place talent into the legitimate channel of prudence and usefulness. Persuasion fails to turn aside the tide of rhyme, which in its insane rush is as wasteful of time, money, and energy, as the sweeping seas are destructive of precious laden ships. In what then lies the prospect of success? The first book on our list, *Virginia*, claims precedence for its hyperbolic excesses. The author is an American, and in style and manner is the most vitiated of his class. As if to show a dark contrast to Longfellow, Bryant, and men of large resplendent souls, America is ever and anon spawning bad poets—Briaraceneanormities—fellows with numerous heads, and every head an exaggeration. These are they who force language—they have not like opportunity with thoughts—as gardeners force cucumbers, as if a poem were a hot-bed. The word "natural" is not in their vocabulary, and they commence spelling pathos with the letter B. A more flagrant distortion of imagery than is presented by the poems before us exists not. Against the consequences of this, Mr. T. H. Chivers takes shelter in a bit of convenient logic. In the preface he observes with vast satisfaction, "How can the mere critic judge of that which belongs only to the artist? That which is New cannot be deciphered by the Old." Now it does happen that we have some old notions, such as believing that large words do not constitute great poems—that the newest fustian is of little value; and therefore this Transatlantic bard, this prince of extravagancies, is beyond our judgment as he is certainly beyond our appreciation. Here is a scrap of Mr. Chivers's exquisite bombast. Now observe this is about "The Poet of Love," not concerning a griffin or a unicorn.

With the white lightnings of his still small voice,  
Deep as the thunders of the azure silence  
He makes dumb the oracular cymbals with his noise,  
Till Beauty flourish amarantine on the islands  
Of all the loud tumultuous sea  
Of the vast immensity,  
Echoing the music of the morns  
Blown through the chrysolian horns  
Down the dark vistas of the reborn Norms;  
By the great Angel of Eternity,  
Thundering, come to me, come to me!

To have addressed the poet so outrageously, and to have left the ladies without praise, would have been unbecoming in Mr. Chivers; therefore does he address Rosalie Lee in this sort:—

More coy than the wild goldfinches  
When they hunt for the butterfly,  
Which the dew of the morning quenches,  
In the psychical month July;  
Like an opaline dove's neck chiming  
Cherubic beauty for me,  
Were her ovaline arms in their rhyming,  
Of my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,  
From the ruby-rim'd berylne buckets,  
Star-gemm'd, lily-shaped, hyaline—  
Like that sweet golden goblet found growing  
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree—  
Rich, brilliant, like chrysopraz blowing—  
I then brought to my Rosalie Lee.

We hope the gentleman "brought" Rosalie Lee a cyclopedia at the same time. If these verses come not under Hotspur's satire—if they are not verily "the forced gait of a shuffling nag"—we should like to know what is?

The poems of JOSHUA RUSSELL have good meaning ideas, and exhibit the Christian spirit of

the author, but are of no import as literary works. Equally without mark are *Odds and Ends*, *Songs and Ballads*, *The Gwyddonwryson Wreath*, *The World*, and *Dioramic Sketches*. We are not surprised that such poems are written; but it seems an error grown hoary with age, and sanctioned by observance, that because indifferent poems are written they must be printed. The influx of worthless poems is enormous; and we fear that nothing but the just severity of reviewers will be able to check it. The power which crushed Keats cannot atone for past cruelty and abuse by assuming a maudlin tenderness: of the two it is perhaps better to chance the blight of some hopeful aspirant, than to absolutely murder the public taste by smilingly admitting the introduction of trashy books. Of the batch we have just enumerated not one sparkles with a new thought, or even invests an old idea with a novel form. Now that the young flowers are everywhere laughing from meadows and hedge-rows, and the fresh leaves are swelling with green life, we have no sympathy with dry, musty, unvegetating musings, which have not sufficient vitality to be either fragrant or beautiful.

Among the better class of poems we must place *Wanderings in the British Islands*; but the author is far without the magic circle of genius. Study and observation may bring him nearer the golden border of this circle; but he never will be privileged to enter. His descriptions are pleasing, but not powerful; and his artistic skill cannot be charged with serious imperfections.

Belonging to a still better class is *Christmas at the Hall*, and other Poems, by J. F. TERRINGTON. They have something like a character of their own—something that has shook itself from the dull soporific of mediocrity. Without enchainning the attention by some unusual mesmeric or mental power, as the ancient mariner held "with his glittering eye" the wedding guest, these poems have yet enough poetic quality to gratify, not to satisfy, a reader's mind. The descriptions of social habits and natural objects are usually easy and correct, wanting only vividness of imagination to make them more poetical in a higher poetical sense. This volume contains another tribute—and consequently another failure—to the great name of Wellington; and the author regrets that he did not print it before the Laureate's Ode. He really need have no regrets, since he and Alfred Tennyson might have left the great warrior to sleep in peace, and the world been little or nothing the poorer.

This mistake is revived in the next book by the Rev. C. MAGNEY; he, too, having aspired to rhyme on the mightiest of England's heroes. As in every other case, the grandeur of Wellington's life, and the grandeur of his death—for few die so calmly and augustly—have reduced tributary rhymers to the level of penny ballad-mongers. The Rev. C. Magney's style is not in the adulatory: it is rather in placid description. The poem entitled *Selwood*, somewhat after the manner of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, is worthy of commendation, and infinitely superior in its quiet grace to the abrupt rhythm and slipshod roughness of a poem named *Taste*.

*Tales of the Forest* are entirely of a different vein. They are rhymed stories made up of a deal of frolic and instruction; in fact the subjects are Hindoo traditions, which the author has set round with a border of his own conceits and musings. These poems are very uneven in character, and seem to be a mingling of known styles rather than an original manner. Occasionally there are glittering bits of poetry hemmed in by grotesque banks, and the whole looks like a conglomeration of the spirited utterance of Byron's Eastern tales, and the humorous, but exceedingly poignant, satires of *Hudibras*. We have not here a literary triumph, but a source of some amusement and much information in notes.

*The Universal Library. Poetry*, Vol. I. London: Ingram and Co.

This magnificent volume is the first of a series which is designed to be a collection of the works of the best of the English and foreign poets, in which there is no copyright. It is printed in a clear type, in double columns, on the best paper, and handsomely bound. The first volume contains Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Lays of the Last Minstrel"; the entire Fables of La Fontaine; Goethe's *Faust*; two dramas of Schiller, "the Piccolomini" and "the Death of Wallenstein," and the complete Poetical Works of Milton,—thus combining the best productions of the greatest poets of four countries. It is illustrated with many excellent woodcuts.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Family Romance*; or, *Episodes in the Domestic Annals of the Aristocracy*. By J. BERNARD BURKE, Esq. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

THAT very persevering and industrious gentleman, Mr. J. BERNARD BURKE, already well known to the reading public as the author of *The Peerage and Baronetage*, *The Landed Gentry*, *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, *The Romance of the Forum*, and other collections of the same sort, has again had recourse to his prolific note-book, and not without some success. All Mr. Burke's productions hitherto have been nothing more than compilations of notes collected during a somewhat discursive search among the annals of the peerage, memoirs of distinguished persons, and literature of that class. The one before us differs in no respect from its predecessors. Mr. Burke seems, indeed, to have constituted himself anecdotal annalist to the aristocracy,—a sort of antiquarian Jenkins, though not possessed, we must admit, of that graceful floridness of style for which the last-named author is so justly celebrated. His anecdotes, however, are amusing, and although not related, perhaps, in the best possible manner, they are sufficiently entertaining to warrant us in recommending them for perusal. Without further preface, we will briefly refer to one or two of the more extraordinary stories included in the present collection.

LADY NEWBOROUGH.

If the story of this lady is to be believed, grave doubts are thrown upon the legitimate identity of no less a personage than the late ex-King of the French, Louis Philippe.

Maria Stella, a young opera-girl of Florence, happening to take the fancy of Lord Newborough, then travelling through Italy, that nobleman removed her from the stage, and eventually married her. She was then supposed to be the daughter of a man named Chiappini; but, long afterwards, this man, being upon his deathbed, wrote to her a confession of the following facts:—That, about four months before her birth, a great French nobleman, accompanied by a lady, and a numerous retinue, arrived in Florence. Chiappini's wife was then pregnant; and so was the lady of the French noble. The latter seemed bent upon having a son, and made a proposition to Chiappini that, if his wife should have a son, and the great lady only a daughter, they should secretly exchange their offspring. The event turned out to be so; and by means of large bribes Chiappini was prevailed upon to consent to the exchange. Subsequent inquiries made by Lady Newborough led, if she is to be believed, to very extraordinary results,—that the French nobleman and his lady were no other than Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and his duchess; that the changeling was Louis Philippe; and that she, Maria Stella, was the rightful heiress to the Duchy of Orleans.

We cannot, of course, attach much credence to this strange story; but there are one or two strange facts not altogether inconsistent with its truthfulness. One is, that it was always doubted whether Louis Philippe was really born in Paris, as was pretended. When presented at the font to receive the baptismal rite, his weight was so great as to excite the remark that he seemed as heavy as a five months old child. Lady Newborough certainly made many futile endeavours to have her claims fully investigated; they were always obstinately overlooked by the Government. She published a curious little volume, which we have seen, and to which Mr. Burke refers, setting forth her story and its proofs. After the death of Lord Newborough she married the Baron Von Ugarn-Steinberg, a Livonian nobleman of very powerful and ancient family; but her imagination was distempered by dreams of that greatness which she considered to be her due; and the little opera-dancer, who had risen to the dignity of an English peeress, was dissatisfied because she was not recognised as a princess of the blood royal of France.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

This young man was the son of the celebrated blue-stocking who despised the proffered homage of Alexander Pope, and laughed the poor little fellow so unmercifully to scorn. From his tenderest years he appears to have been seized with an unconquerable desire to vagabondise, for he ran away twice from Westminster school, and was each time reclaimed and reconciled to his irritated parents by the kind offices of Mr. Maitland, ex-surgeon to the embassy to Constanti-

noble. At last he was sent to the West Indies, where he contrived to pick up a knowledge of the classics, and to fit himself in some sort to fulfil the duties of his station. On his return to England he was returned to Parliament for Huntingdonshire, in 1747, but soon relapsed into his old habit of vagabondising; and in 1751 we find him imprisoned in the prison of the Châtellet in Paris, under the disgraceful charge of having conspired with Lord Southwell and Mr. Taaffe to cheat and plunder a Jew named Abraham Payba. Whether he was falsely accused of this business or otherwise it is impossible to say: he constantly and emphatically denied any participation in the affair; and the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution was so very contradictory and confused, that all the accused were acquitted. After this we find him wandering about the world in a strangely discursive manner; now writing from Turin letters to the Royal Society, which were afterwards embodied in a quarto pamphlet, entitled "Observations on a supposed Bust at Turin;" afterwards rambling about the East, and lastly over Europe; assuming a new character in every country that he visited.

I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble profession of postilion and ploughman. I assumed at Paris the ridiculous character of a *petit maître*. I was an abbé at Rome. I put on, at Hamburg, the Lutheran ruff, and with a triple chin and a formal countenance I dealt about me the word of God so as to excite the envy of the clergy. I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian. My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a queen, and at another is in the fob of a greasy Israelite.

While dining at Padua with the artist Romney a partridge bone stuck in his throat, and he expired soon afterwards. When asked what faith he died in, he answered, "I hope that of a good Mussulman." He was buried in the cloisters of the Hermitants at Padua, where the slab that marks his grave may yet be found.

#### LEADERS OF FASHION.

Under this title some very interesting facts and anecdotes are related respecting some of the great Coryphæi of English fashion, the Count de Grammont, Sir George Hewitt, Wilson, Beau Fielding, Beau Edgeworth, Nash, and the great Brummel. In one of the anecdotes which Mr. Burke relates about Brummel he falls into an error somewhat strange for a gentleman of his accuracy. The anecdote is that well-known one about Brummel humbling the pride of an upstart Mrs. Thompson, who was giving a fashionable party in Grosvenor-square, at which she expected the presence of the Prince Regent. Brummel had then quarrelled with his Royal Highness, and no sooner did the beau make his appearance in the room than the lady of the house, bustling up to him with an air of great indignation, told him that he had not been invited.

"Not invited, madam? not invited?" said the unwelcome visitor in his blandest tones; "surely there must be some mistake;" and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to spin out the time, and give a better chance for the Prince's arrival, while the hostess was in an agony, he at length drew forth a card, which he presented to her. At a glance she saw that it was that of her rival, and, returning it hastily, exclaimed—"This card, Sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed?" replied Brummel, affecting much surprise. "Dear me, how unfortunate; really, Mrs. John—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake; but, you know, Johnson and Thompson, Thompson and Johnson, are so much the same kind of thing. Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening." And making one of his most elaborate bows, he retired slowly and mincingly, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of all present, except the hostess herself, who was bursting with indignation, and totally at a loss to reply to such matchless effrontery.

Mr. Burke represents this "rival" Mrs. Johnson to be an inhabitant of "the *terra incognita*, Finsbury-square, or its immediate vicinity;" whereas she was, in truth, Miss Johnson, afterwards Countess St. Antonio, of musical celebrity, and resided in Hanover-square. It might have struck Mr. Burke that a lady residing in Finsbury would not be likely to interfere very materially with the social supremacy of a resident of Grosvenor-square, especially in those days.

#### VICISSITUDES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

Under this title Mr. Burke collects a number of strange coincidences, tending to show that

misfortune has sometimes attached itself to great titular names, just as it is believed by sailors to fasten itself upon vessels. The most singular example of this is the title of Duke of Buckingham. Humphrey de Stafford, first Duke of Buckingham, fell gallantly fighting for the Lancastrians at the battle of Northampton.

Henry de Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham, died upon the scaffold at Tower-hill, by the machinations of Cardinal Wolsey. The title then went into abeyance, but was revived in the person of George Villiers, who perished by the knife of Felton. His son, the profligate favourite of Charles II., died in a remote Yorkshire inn as destitute as the meanest beggar. Pope's graphic description of his ending is too generally known to need quotation here. John Villiers, who, on questionable authority, assumed the title of Duke of Buckingham, squandered his fortune among gamblers, and died in the lowest state of degradation. His last surviving daughter, "Lady Elizabeth Villiers," died in Tavistock-court, Covent-garden, in the last grade of debauchery. The sale at Stowe, and the disruption of one of the most princely fortunes in the kingdom, is a sufficient proof that the evil influence supposed to pervade this unfortunate dukedom has lost none of its potency.

#### ACTRESSES RAISED TO RANK BY MARRIAGE.

Mr. Burke gives a catalogue of those actresses who have been raised in the social scale by wedlock. He opens this chapter with a diatribe in favour of the stage. "It is not a little singular," says he, "that, maugre the attacks made by religious purists upon stage morality, there is not one instance of extreme turpitude (*quare turpitude?*) proved against an actor."

The list of ennobled actresses includes Anastasia, Countess of Peterborough (Miss Robinson); Lavinia, Duchess of Bolton (Miss Fenton); Elizabeth, Countess of Derby (Miss Farren); Louisa, Countess of Craven (Miss Brunton); Lady Thurlow (Miss Bolton); Lady Wrixon Becher (Miss O'Neill); the Countess of Harrington, and the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens). "No actress," says chivalrous Mr. Burke, "was ever advanced from the theatrical ranks, and married to a husband in the higher walks of life, who did not thenceforth conduct herself with unerring propriety." After this we shall scarcely marvel that his list closes with Lady Boothby; but we do think it unfair to the memory of Kitty Clive that she should be omitted. Why, too, has he left out the Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon)? Surely she was the goddess of virtue herself.

We shall now take leave of Mr. Burke and his book, with the trite observation that truth is far stranger than fiction, and an assurance to our readers that these volumes are by no means unworthy of a careful perusal.

*Demerara after fifteen years of Freedom*, is a pamphlet by "a LANDOWNER," who shows the advantages offered by emigration to British Guiana, for all people suffering under the accursed yoke and the unholy bondage of slavery, where, subject to British Laws and Institutions, they may become a free, civilised, and christian peasantry.—Mr. JOHN RIPPON has sent us an essay on *Capital Punishment*, which he contends to be both unlawful and inexpedient; but he adduces other arguments than those usually advanced. He dissents from the proposition that the object of punishment is the reformation and benefit of the transgressor, and contends, that its primary purpose is the conservation of the law's authority, and of the rights and well-being of the non-criminal portion of the community; in which we quite agree with him. But even on these premises, he asserts that capital punishment is inexpedient—in the which also we agree with him.—The new volume of Vizetelly's "Contemporary French Literature," contains a translation of JULES DE BREVAL'S *Mazzini, judged by Himself and his Countrymen*. It is a tremendous attack upon the ex-triumvir, and assumes to show, by extracts from the writings of his own countrymen, and even of his own partisans, in what estimation he is held in Italy. But there is a manifest *animus* in the whole work which deprives it of much of its value. It is too savage. Had it been half as severe, it would have been twice as effective.—Mr. W. D. COOPER has published a third edition of his *Glossary of the Provincialisms in use in the County of Sussex*: (J. R. Smith).—To the natives of that county it must be useful, and interesting to the curious in language everywhere.—A Hindoo rejoicing in the name of BOMANJI DOSABHAI MUNSHEE, has sent us from Bombay, a pamphlet written in excellent English, containing some concise remarks on the principal *National Governments, &c. of British India*, and a dissertation on the condition of the Indian peasant. These remarks are designed to aid the pending discussions on

the renewal of the charter; and it would be well if statesmen would acquaint themselves with the opinions of the natives, before they resolve what sort of government to give them.—RIDGWAY has published, in a pamphlet, the debate in the House of Commons in the year 1833 on the gradual extinction of the national debt, and the true principles of a property and income tax.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The North British Review* is a formidable rival of the *Edinburgh*. It is more various, more vigorous, altogether more readable, than the *Edinburgh* has been since Jeffreys ceased to be its editor. As the old star is going out, it is pleasant to welcome another rising so rapidly and promising so much splendour; for every successive number of the *North British* has been an improvement on its predecessor; and the new one is the best we have seen, both as respects the choice of subjects and skilful treatment of them. The literary essays are on "The Reign of Female Novelists," a review of some recent poems (not A. Smith's), entitled "Glimpses of Poetry," and a treatise on "English Hexameters." An amusing paper discourses anecdotically of "British Birds." Of religious themes, we find only a critical review of "Bunsen's Hippolytus," and "Memoirs of French Protestantism," which surprises us, for we understand this review to have had its origin in the religious differences of the Church of Scotland. Whether that be or be not so, certain it is that it has now lost any distinction of this kind, and has become a work of general literature, like its secular quarterly contemporaries. The political papers in this number are on "International Relations and the Principles of French Policy," and "Life under an Italian Despotism." A sort of semi-historical article treats of "Wellington in the Peninsula." But we are becoming heartily weary of Wellington, and we hope the periodicals will allow him to rest in peace for a little while.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for May will be opened eagerly for the continuation of "Lady Lee's Widowhood." Nor will the reader be disappointed. It is the opening paper of the number. But there are others almost as attractive. "Spiritual Manifestations" is an elaborate exposure of "the Rappers," done with much humour. Here too, we have "Wellington in Spain," which would have been interesting, had not the subject been so worn to tatters. A notice of a new work, half fiction, half fact, entitled "Count Arensburg, or the Days of Luther," is followed by a valuable paper, full of information and useful suggestions, under the title of "Circulation of Matter." Added to these, are a very amusing "Tale from the French Stage," a review of some French Travels; while in politics, Dr. Chalmers' pretensions to the character of a political economist are roughly handled.

*Bentley's Miscellany* for May adds the attraction of pictorial illustration to good writing. It aims at greater variety than any other monthly, and its contents are generally of a lighter character. Shirley Brooks continues a novel called "Aspen Court;" but as we have not read the earlier portions of it, we are unable to give an opinion of its merits. "The Tuileries from 1815," is a brief sketch of the modern fortunes of that magnificent palace, which has witnessed so many changes of its inmates. "The Weed," is a hit at the tobacco pipe. "Sterling's Last Years of Charles V." is reviewed. Mr. Angus Reach has humorously told a tale of love and literature, and how they drove Paul Penfeather, author and journalist, to the diggings. Perhaps the most valuable paper in the number is an account of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, from an original MS., with a portrait. It is preceded by a short memoir of that lady, so famous in her day, and no romance can surpass in interest the facts elicited in this extraordinary trial, and nothing can be more dramatic than the incidents and proceedings of the trial itself. We advise every reader to peruse it. "A Journey from Westminster Abbey to St. Peter's," is a spirited narrative of a recent tour to the Holy City.

We are sorry we cannot say much by way of encouragement to the new magazine enterprise of Mr. J. W. Parker. The first number of the *National Miscellany* is a failure. It is wanting in variety, in attractive subjects, and in ability. Some of the papers, as that on "The Love of Horrors," and "Slavery in America," would be scarcely creditable to a school-boy's pen. The preface opens with the trite remark, "It is difficult to begin." True; but "things had begun make worse themselves by ill," says Shakspeare. It would have been easy to have made a better beginning than this. Unless there be great and immediate improvement, we fear the *National Miscellany* (by-the-by, a very bad title) will not survive six months.

*The Gentleman's Magazine* is most valuable as a repository of archaeology and historical review, and, above all, for its memoirs of all distinguished persons who die, and of many who are not distinguished. It is, however, rather a work for reference than for reading, for it does not seek support by its writings, but by its collections.



## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

On the 27th of last month, Ludwig Tieck died at Berlin, his birthplace, and in his eightieth year, which would have been completed had he lived but a few weeks longer. He was buried on May-day with much solemnity, the venerable Humboldt taking a part in the celebration of the funeral rites, and his remains repose, as he had in life desired, beside those of his friend, the well-known theologian, Schleiermacher. As he had also desired, his funeral sermon was preached by Sydow, of the Prussian Evangelical Church, a circumstance which is considered to be a refutation of the once-prevalent rumour that Tieck had joined the Roman Catholic Communion. After the delivery of the sermon, and the performance of some appropriate sacred music (in the so-called *Trauerhaus*), the corpse was followed by a long funeral cortege to the cemetery; the day was a fine one, there as here, and the German chroniclers of the event take care to narrate that the birds were twittering a salute to the arriving spring, while the poet was being consigned to his final home. For many years Tieck had ceased to contribute largely or steadily to contemporary literature, in which, however, to the last, he took a lively interest, and he has bequeathed to a friend, for publication, an elaborate criticism on the more recent productions of the new school of German dramatists. Born at Berlin in 1773, when Goethe was a youth of twenty-four, he became an author by profession at a very early age; but although his auto-biographical prefaces to a recent edition of his works contain much interesting information on the development of his mind, they are all but silent on the outward facts of his career, respecting which little more is known to us than that he was mainly dependent on theatrical managers, as a sort of counsellor and critic, until the present King of Prussia invited him to settle in Berlin, with a pension, which secured to his declining years the easy circumstances which there is reason to fear he had not previously enjoyed. At Dresden, his residence for a considerable period before his removal to Berlin, Tieck had added to his literary reputation that of an amateur dramatic reader, and, had it not been for a personal deformity, there is little doubt that he would have adopted the histrionic profession, and combined, like our Shakspeare, the functions of dramatist and actor. It is, perhaps, to this personal deformity, that we ought to attribute the gloom and cynicism which mark his earliest literary performances, chiefly tales, short and long; and even in *Peter Leberecht's Volksmärchen*, afterwards expanded and remodelled into the celebrated *Phantasus*, these qualities are apparent, along, indeed, with the development of a rich and beautiful poetic element. It was August Wilhelm Schlegel who first announced, on the appearance of these *Volksmärchen*, that Germany had a new poet, and it was to the Schlegels and their friend Novälis, that Tieck joined himself, rather than to Goethe and Schiller, to whose genius, however, he paid at all times ample homage. In this society, Tieck for a time showed some disposition to share in the neo-catholic tendencies of Friedrich Schlegel, who repaid him by setting him up as a rival to Goethe—an attempt which Goethe has commemorated in the well-known saying; "As far as Shakspeare is above me, so far am I above Tieck!" But the neo-catholic period of Tieck's literary career was not of long duration; and in the series of novels which, after arriving at intellectual maturity, he sent forth in quick succession for many years, that tendency is discernible only in the conservative temper which they display—a mild but firm and emphatic opposition to the revolutionary spirit of the age, manifesting itself in all Tieck's later writings. Probably the earliest attempt to introduce Tieck to the English public was a translation, with a laudatory preface, of two of his novellettes, executed by those well-known ornaments of the English Church, the brothers Hare; then came Carlyle's "specimens" in the German romance; but perhaps the best specimen in English, of Tieck in his finest mood, is the anonymous translation of the charming *Lebens Ueberfluss*, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, some years ago, under the title of *The Superfluities of Life*. It is as the author, in conjunction with August Wil-

helm Schlegel, of the classical German translation of Shakspeare, that Tieck, however, is best known in England, of whose Elizabethan dramatists he had studied both the literature and the biographies, with a success which throws even the indefatigable industry of a Payne Collier into the shade. His novel, the *Dichterleben*, in which Shakspeare, Greene, and Marlowe, live, move, and speak, is a feat of reconstruction almost unparalleled in Literary Fiction, so singularly does it combine fidelity to fact, with the interest, warmth, and colouring of romance.

That spirit of revolution or innovation, or however else it may be designated, against which Tieck wrote and declaimed, has the freest of arenas, under the most favouring, too, of possible circumstances, in the United States of America; and its strange "sayings and doings" in that enormous democracy beyond the Atlantic, present phenomena that deserve, almost more than any others, to fix the attention of the thoughtful mind. One recent journalistic fact may be cited as a symptom of the confusion which is overtaking the "free" American mind. If not the most influential, certainly among the most influential of American newspapers, is the *New York Tribune*, the journal which had Margaret Fuller for its literary Critic, and which is conducted with great energy, and (as times go) with great respectability, by the well-known Horace Greeley. The *Tribune* determined lately to "enlarge its size;" a feat which newspaper proprietors or editors, on both sides of the Atlantic, are little addicted to performing in silence, but are wont to celebrate with the loudest possible flourish of trumpets. Accordingly the *Tribune* took occasion, on the occurrence of the great event, amid the plaudits of sympathising millions, to distinctly state and assert what its doctrines were. And this journal, the *Times*, as it were, of Transatlantic Anglo-Saxondom, in a grave and seemingly sincere "article," frankly avows that its aim is to effect a reconstruction of society, in conformity with the theories of—Charles Fourier! This, it may be said, regards the future rather than the present; but what are we to make of a spiritual "liberty" that results in the establishment of "30,000 circles" of spirit-rappers, a phenomenon scarcely ever paralleled in the history of the darkest superstitions? Man, white man at least, has long been entirely emancipated in the States; the emancipation of children there is progressing at such a rate that even Mr. Thackeray could not refrain from entering a public protest against it; and now Theodore Parker, in his latest publication, *A Sermon on the Public Function of Woman*, has come out boldly for an entire and sweeping "emancipation" of the fair sex. Theodore Parker is a scholar (after a fashion), and certainly of all the intellectual leaders of the movement-party in the States, he is the man who most possesses what we are in the habit of terming genius—and here he is, in this so-called sermon, demanding that women should freely become ministers of religion, physicians, and, strangest of all, barristers! One thing must be confessed:—it is, that he has pointed to a sad and too-little regarded fact in the position of woman in the nineteenth century,—the deprivation of so much useful, wholesome and natural domestic employment to which the ever-augmenting applicability of machinery is subjecting her. Wise heads must take these matters up some of these days!

By a rather curious coincidence, just while we were penning, for our publication of the 2nd of April, some remark on an unexplored difficulty in the copyright-with-America question, Mr. Putnam, the well-known American publisher, was writing on the very same point, and to a *New York Journal*, a letter, the facts and arguments of which, appear in an expanded form in the new number of *Norton's (New York) Literary Gazette*. Like ourselves, Mr. Putnam is a warm advocate of the principle of international copyright, so far as the rights of authors are concerned; to an author's monopoly he has not the slightest objection, but against a publisher's monopoly, he very naturally protests. "It seems to me," he says, "but equitable that this measure should be strictly for the benefit of English and American authors, and that it should not give to English publishers the right to force us to import

their editions or else have none. American authors will be ready to sell their manuscripts to English publishers, to be printed in England in the English modes and dress. Let English authors be required, when claiming protection, to do the same with us," &c. &c. To the cry which certain persons in the States have been raising that American authors will have their books printed in England and then imported into the States, to the detriment of the American paper and printing trades, Mr. Putnam replies, as we have done, that this is not a question of copyright at all, but of customs' duties. And he adds some curious facts to show that it is by no means uncommon for London publishers, who acquire the English copyright of American works, to import copies of the American edition rather than produce an original English one. Of "Lynch's Dead-Sea Expedition—a handsome octavo with many illustrations," Mr. Putnam says that "Her Majesty's Publisher in Ordinary wished to publish this work in England, and, if I mistake not, instead of reprinting it there, he imported 1,000 or 2,000 copies of the American edition. Precisely the same case occurred with Squire's *Nicaragua*; Appleton, and Co. supplying Longman and Co. with an edition printed in New York. Again, and to a still greater extent, Messrs. Harper supplied Murray with large editions of Stephens' two works, *Yucatan* and *Central America*, each in two large volumes; and the Boston publishers did the same with an edition of Robinson's three large volumes of *Travels in Palestine*. We ourselves have manufactured for Mr. Murray, stereotype plates "of some of Irving's works, and have supplied him, Bentley, and Bogue, with entire editions of Spencer's *Travels in the East*, Taylor's *Eldorado*, Bryant's *Letters of a Traveller*, Kimball's *St. Leger*, Turnbull's *Genius of Italy*, Olmsted's *American Farmer*, and other books." "All these," Mr. Putnam adds, "are not small quantities merely imported for sale, but entire and often large editions which are published in London with English title-pages as English books; and all these are stereotyped, and most of them printed in this country on American paper. Now why do not the English printers and type-founders complain?" Why, not, indeed?

The more we investigate the matter, the more firmly are we convinced that the apparent difficulties which beset the question of copyright, whether international or domestic, spring entirely out of a habit of confounding author with publisher, and of attempting to confer rights upon the latter which belong inalienably to the former alone. How comes it that there is any difference between literary property and other property; that the existence of proprietorial rights in a book should be the subject of special legislation, and definition and limitation? It arises, we believe, from a latent feeling of the very distinction we are insisting on. Give perpetual copyright, and allow literary property to be transferable like any other, and you may bestow a monopoly in Shakspeare, Milton, or Scott on a certain family of publishers who may be fattening on the perpetual profits of classical works, while the descendants of the executors of those works may be starving! The truth is, perpetual copyright without a law of entail fixing that copyright in the families and descendants of the authors themselves would be useless and unjust: how curious to see the vexed questions of entail (and even primogeniture) starting up amid considerations on literary property! Accordingly, we observe with pleasure the course which has been recently adopted in France by M. Scribe and his friends acting on behalf of French dramatists generally. They have come forward asking for an extension of the term of copyright in dramatic literature; but they have distinctly introduced into their request the claims of "widows and families;" and the Emperor has granted the extension of copyright which they petitioned for. And while M. Scribe has been applying to the Emperor, the tribunals have been occupied with a case which shows the mischiefs that may arise from a joint-tenure of literary property. Two dramatic authors united to write a certain piece, which, on their demise, became the joint property of their respective heirs. One heir wished the piece to be performed at a certain

theatre, and made arrangements to that effect. The other heir dissented, and stopped the performance, whereupon the manager of the theatre claimed damages. The judges decided, very properly, that the consent of all the heirs was requisite to its legal performance: but what confusion and complications might arise out of such a system? The solution of all the difficulties of the whole copyright question will, we believe, be found in the State becoming the sole owner of all literary property, in a way and for reasons which we cannot enter into at present, or do more than faintly allude to.

## FRANCE.

*Une Poignée de Vérités: Mélanges Philosophiques.* [A Handful of Truths, or Philosophical Medley.] Par ALPHONSE KARR. Paris: Eugène Didier. 1853.

*Salmis de Nouvelles.* [Collection of Tales.] Paris. Librairie Nouvelle. 1853.

*Récits et Souvenirs: Romans des Familles.* [Stories and Recollections: Tales for Families.] Par EMILE SOUVETRE. Paris: D. Giraud. 1853.

ALPHONSE KARR thus introduces his *Poignée de Vérités*:—

A sage has said, "if my hand were full of truths, I would take care not to open it." The title of my volume proves that I am not of the same opinion, perhaps because I am not equally sage.

Wit is only reason adorned and armed.  
"Ride si sapiis," said Martial. "Laugh if you are wise."

### A MORAL TALE.

A prince was one day lost in a forest while pursuing a stag. The greater number of his suite were lost also, and there remained with him only his squire and his steward. After many turns and windings, the prince declared that he was dying from fatigue and hunger; and presently they discovered the cottage of a poor wood-cutter, with emotions of joy which the sight of the most sumptuous palaces had never caused. The squire and the steward entered the cabin, and soon returned, the first with a bench: upon which the prince descended from his horse, and did not require entreaties to sit down; the second with a table.

"What can you give us to eat, good man?" said the prince to the wood-cutter.—"Next to nothing," answered the wood-cutter.

"Then give us that quickly before our appetite increases,"—"It wants preparing; I have only raw potatoes."

"Whatever you want to prepare, no matter what, here is my steward, who pretends to understand such subjects; confer with him."

The steward begged a few moments for reflection; he retired thoughtfully under the shade of the trees, and then came back to the prince. "Well, have you contrived a method to procure us something to eat?" "Prince," said the steward, "I have reflected that it is very unfortunate these potatoes are not truffles, and we have no turkey in which I could put them. It is true that would necessitate our not being in a hurry, and oblige your highness to grant at least eight days, before the turkey had the honour of appeasing the royal appetite, in order that the flesh should be properly impregnated with the savoury perfume of the truffles."

The Prince interrupted him. "If you are going to furnish a list of all we might eat if we had it, your catalogue will be long, and not satisfying. We are told there is nothing but potatoes; therefore with potatoes you must provide me a dinner." "The reasoning of your highness is perfectly correct," said the steward. "I request only five minutes to consider how I can prepare, in the best manner, this modest entertainment."

The steward withdrew and again meditated under the trees. Then he returned. "Prince, I have it; since there are only potatoes, we must be satisfied with a dish of potatoes; but there are eighty-three modes of dressing potatoes. It belongs to my art to impart a savour to this provision, if I cannot give variety. I have decided to cook them à la polonoise." He recited the receipt in a low voice: "You take potatoes, you boil them in water with salt, you peel them, you slice them, and serve them with a white sauce of capers, with girkins cut into small pieces, and anchovies."

"Good man," said he, addressing the woodcutter, "bring me what I require for the white sauce; first, butter."—"I have none," said the woodcutter.

"Flour?"—"I have none."

"Two eggs?"—"I have none."

"And the capers, girkins, and anchovies?"—"I have none."

"Diantre," exclaimed the prince.

"There are no means, then, to dress the potatoes à la polonoise," said the steward. "How unfortunate! How is it possible for any person to have neither anchovies, butter, nor eggs?" He reflected a moment, then said: "Well, let us dress the potatoes simply, en boulettes. Ah! pardon, your highness, to

dress potatoes en boulettes requires four eggs, cream, and nutmeg. We must renounce the potatoes en boulettes, and yet it is a dish excessively simple, and agreeable enough. Let us think of something else."

The squire, impatient, disappeared. The steward passed in review other methods of dressing potatoes, each more simple than the other; but something was always wanting, which the woodcutter, who had only potatoes, could not supply. "What a pity!" he cried: "that would be excellent!" The prince began to be angry.

"Ah, well," said the steward, "let us have a dish horribly vulgar, a dish that never before dared appear on the table of your highness—fried potatoes. Good man," he continued to the woodcutter, "bring me immediately a gridiron and some grease." "I have neither gridiron nor grease," said the woodcutter.

"What!" answered the steward, in a passion, "Neither gridiron nor grease! I have seen poor people; but your poverty must be aggravated by some imprudence or some vice, to cause your destitution of things so cheap and so indispensable!"

"Ah! steward," cried the prince, "this is too much! What! not only you give me nothing to eat when I am perishing for hunger; but you destroy me with tedious speeches. I permit you from this day to retire to your own estates, for I am told you have become very rich."

"Your highness, I shall obey with sorrow and respect; and, notwithstanding the rigour of your decision, I shall remember only your benefactions on the lands I owe to your munificence; but it is not the less true, if I have not been able to furnish your repast to-day, the fault lies with this man, who has not provided utensils and provisions the most common and necessary to life."

"The fault is yours," answered the prince, who wanted the good sense to say: "Since I have only potatoes, I cannot make a truffled turkey, nor all kinds of savoury dishes, of which I cannot command the elements." Why, instead of quarrelling with this good man who gives us willingly all he possesses, do you not quarrel with the potatoes because they are not lamb cutlets or fillets of veal?"

"But, prince..."

"But, steward..."

Doubtless the prince at this point would have pulverised the steward's feeble arguments, and proved, in a manner the most humiliating to the steward and triumphant to himself, that the fault was on his side. But the squire approached, and, by his mere apparition, demonstrated the absurdity of the steward more victoriously than the prince's oration would have done,—if I may venture to pronounce so bold an opinion. While the steward imagined impossible perfections to bestow upon the potatoes—while the prince discoursed magnificently to the squire upon the folly of his steward—the squire glided into the hut, and quietly roasted the potatoes upon the hot ashes; he now brought them smoking forward, and the prince often declared he had never enjoyed a finer repast. He took from his neck the collar of the Blue Elephant, the most distinguished order in his state, placed it upon the neck of the squire; and has never failed since to summon him to his council under difficult circumstances.

The remainder of the chapter explains the moral of the tale—a point, however, we may leave to the reader's imagination or judgment to supply. We cannot forbear taking one more extract from this series of amusing essays, which touch, in a manner alternately grave and gay, upon an immense variety of subjects.

### AN APOLOGUE.

Opening a book by chance, I fell upon a sort of apologue at the end of a volume, which was a second volume, the apologue not being concluded, and the succeeding volume not in existence. In pagan times a small population inhabited a little island on the Baltic sea. They were a thirsty people; but Odin—which was the name the northern nations at that period gave to the creator of the world,—Odin had provided, and Thor, the son of Odin and Frigga, had taught them to cultivate, barley and hops, and to make beer. They not only made sufficient beer to appease their thirst, but were able each year to sell a portion to the inhabitants of a neighbouring island, in exchange for smoked hams and sausages. This commerce belonged to a certain class, who collected from the harvest of barley and hops the quantity needed to conduct the exchange with their neighbours, and then sold in the island the salted provisions. Now smoked hams and sausages naturally increased the average of thirst in the country, and the size of the island limited the cultivation of barley and hops. Some persons, therefore, invented small beer; that is, with the same quantity of grain, they augmented the production by adding a larger quantity of water. The mixture was inferior, but assuaged thirst, which was the principal thing; and the people soon grew accustomed to the change, except those who, as the reward of their philanthropic invention, claimed from the annual harvest a certain share of beer brewed according to the ancient rites. Affairs proceeded peaceably in the island, and at different periods of the year people celebrated festivals

in honour of Odin and his son Thor, thanking them for having granted beer to such a thirsty people.

But the inventors of small beer were ingenious minds, who did not rest there; they invented, upon a contrary principle, first ale, and then porter. This was an improvement; but the harvest did not yield sufficient barley and hops to fabricate ale and porter for everybody. Even to supply the inventors, who were determined not to dispense with it, some material must be saved from the small beer. After numerous consultations, an association was formed, with the double end of drinking porter and ale and preaching abstinence. They began by establishing that thirst was not so innocent a thing as it appeared and had been thought previously, but a trial to which Odin submitted men; and those who knew best how to resist temptation, occasioned him the greatest pleasure. The men of strength and virtue did not drink at all; in vain they ate smoked ham and sausages; they triumphed still over the thirst to which other men were slaves.

At first these lectures had considerable success. Some persons put a little water into their small beer, others put a greater proportion, others only put a little small beer in their water, others simply drank water, and others even went so far as not to drink at all. Amongst the latter, some died; but, worse still, others lived, equally insane. They were honoured with a triple chime, the dead included. Public eulogiums were delivered in their praise, and they were invested with ribbons of all colours, dignities of all descriptions. Ale and porter was drunk enormously at these ceremonies in the form of libations, as is done in honour of the gods. But this state of things could not last; it was discovered they who preached most vehemently against thirst drank porter in enormous glasses, which cured their own in the most radical manner, and procured them all the distinction attached to the reputation of not drinking more than one glass of beer in a day.

Gradually it came to this; everybody used large glasses and everybody preached abstinence, and everybody drank as much ale and porter as they could obtain; and it was no longer those who abstained to whom honours were paid, but those who best preached, reserving the privilege of satisfying in the most agreeable and complete manner their particular thirst, with the profit of orations directed against the thirst of others.

Having devoted so much space to M. Karr's stories, we have none to spare for his philosophy, exhibited in more serious disquisitions throughout his lively volume. We pass to the *Salmis de Nouvelles*, a collection of tales by different authors, some of which have already appeared in other publications. The first article, however, is not a tale, but the description of a strange Oriental scene, from the pen of Théophile Gautier. There are, the author informs us, amongst the Mussulman population of Africa numerous orders, or rather congregations, resembling the religious brotherhoods of Europe, the members of which style themselves *khouan* (brothers). In Algeria several of these orders exist, almost all emanating originally from Morocco. The order of the Aïssaoua is a considerable one, and was founded by Sidi-Mhammet-Ben-Aïssa.

### THE LEGEND OF AÏSSA.

The legend of this Aïssa, who died about 300 years ago, is curious. He was a poor man of Meknès, in Morocco, and his wife and family were often destitute of food; but, endowed with faith unwavering, Aïssa confided entirely in God to release him from this miserable situation. One day, after having prolonged his prayers at the mosque, returning sadly home, he found to his astonishment a leg of mutton arrived before him, with all the materials for an excellent dinner.

Continual acts of faith and prayer raised the condition of Aïssa from poverty to such abundant wealth, that he was able to relieve all the miserable in his neighbourhood.

These visible marks of the divine protection induced Aïssa, notwithstanding his humility, to found an order whose members should profess an absolute faith in God, and passive obedience to their superior. In order to prove their faith, at the *Aid-el-Kebir* (feast of the Beiram), he bought a hundred sheep, and desired his hundred followers to assemble next day at his house. The disciples failed not to keep the appointment, and remained in the street before the house of the superior, who came out and approached them, saying: "You are all my children; you love me as your father; and you are resolute to obey my will?" The disciples unanimously answered "Yes" to all these questions.

"Well; it pleases me to cut your throats. At the feast of Beiram usually sheep are sacrificed. I select you for victims. Let him who loves me truly, and has faith in me, enter my house that I may kill him."

This singular proposition caused the disciples to hesitate, as indeed was natural. However, one of them said to the superior, "Take my life if you be-



lieve it to be advantageous, or even if it will afford you pleasure."

Sidi-Mhammet-ben-Aïssa led this devoted disciple into his house, and gave him one of his hundred sheep, directing him to kill it in such a manner that the blood should flow into the street. He then reappeared and renewed his proposition. Little encouraged at sight of the red rivulet which seemed to announce the immolation of the victim, the khouan hesitated and wavered in their faith. Yet one detached himself from the mass and advanced towards the master, who conducted him into his house and acted as he had done to the first. Notwithstanding the streams of blood which ran along the street, thirty-eight disciples resolved upon blind submission to the will of the superior, and each received a sheep in recompense instead of the death he had expected. The report spread through Meknès that Sidi-Mhammet-ben-Aïssa had murdered his khouan; the authorities interfered, broke open the door, and discovered the thirty-eight brothers alive and merry by the side of thirty-eight slaughtered sheep. This small number of devoted disciples, devoted to a degree of absurdity, of atrocity, sufficed to found the order, which became extremely numerous. By a strange coincidence, Aïssa with the Mussulmans is the name of Jesus; Aïssaoui in the singular, Aïssaoua in the plural, literally signifies Jesuit. More than this, the superior laid as a rule of his order the *perinde ac cadaver* of Ignatius Loyola.

We pass over the miracles of the rain, the axe, the piece of silver, the woman transformed into a negress, the tuft of white hairs, and twenty other prodigies, accepted without criticism by Mussulman credulity, to relate one which has reference to the scene we are about to describe. One day, Sidi-Aïssa, attended by several brothers, set out to pay a visit to a distant *douar*. On the road, suffering from hunger, the disciples repeatedly asked for food, till the superior exclaimed impatiently, "Eat poison." The khouan, accustomed to understand literally the words of Aïssa, gathered up scorpions, toads, serpents, vipers, and other venomous creatures, and regaled upon them as if they were the greatest dainties. Arrived at the *douar*, they declined the refreshments offered, and informed Sidi-Aïssa, that having, according to his commands, feasted on poisons, they felt hunger no longer. To reward their faith, the superior granted them henceforth the privilege of being able to resist the effects of venom; and this privilege, extending to the whole order, is perpetuated to the present day. Moulei-Ismaël, Sultan of Morocco, who was not upon friendly terms with the holy superior whose miracles eclipsed his power, determined to serve the disciples of Aïssa with a dish in his own manner; he had an enormous porridge filled with the most abominable cookery that could be invented. The cauldron of Macbeth's witches did not contain such hideous ingredients. From this venomous pot-pourri the khouan revolted; their faith was not strong enough to overcome the heaving of their stomach; and they were retiring in confusion, yielding the triumph to Moulei-Ismaël, when Lella Khamsia, an old servant of Sidi-Mhammet-ben-Aïssa, planted herself before the execrable broth, and, reproaching the khouan with their faint-heartedness, began to devour the adders, the rats, the spiders, and the slugs, with such appetite, that the Aïssaoua, encouraged, emptied the dish in a moment, to the sultan's great confusion. They only felt invigorated after the poisoned feast.

M. Gautier witnessed in Algeria the ceremonies commemorative of this extraordinary miracle.

#### CEREMONIES OF THE AÏSSAOUA.

The court, vast, surrounded by buildings with flat roofs, and whitewashed, was strangely lighted by torches and lamps placed on the ground, near the groups of people. The sky, of sombre indigo, stretched above like a black ceiling, relieved by the files of white spectres brooding like birds of night upon the edge of the roofs. They might have been taken for a swarm of ghouls, awaiting the celebration of some Thessalian mystery. There could be nothing more frightful and fantastic than these pale, silent shadows, suspended over our heads in the death-like stillness of creatures of another world. They were the women of the tribe, arranged on the terraces to enjoy, at their ease, the horrible spectacle in preparation. The Aïssaoua were crouched, to the number of about thirty, around the Mokaddem, or officiator, who commenced, in a slow and monotonous voice, to recite a prayer, which the khouan accompanied with hollow grumbling sounds. From time to time a slight stroke of the tarbourka harmonised with this murmur, which swelled and increased like a wave, the noise of the ocean, or of distant thunder.

The author continues a vivid description of the scene, from the first wild cries, the succeeding frantic prayers and frenzied acts and furious convulsions, to the culminating point of disorder. For example:—

An Aïssaoui, considerable in his sect, and who seemed to inspire a sort of respectful terror, twisted his body into the contortions of a demoniac. His nostrils trembled, his lips were blue, his eyes stared from his head, the muscles strained upon his meagre neck like the strings upon a violin. . . . They

placed him upright, holding him under the armpits; but he projected backwards and forwards with so much violence, that he dragged down with him his two assailants. Writhing on the ground like a smitten snake, he hoarsely articulated the word Allah, with a rattle so guttural and piercing, though not loud, as overpowered the cries of the khouan, the howling of the women, and the struggles of the convulsionists. If the devil is ever obliged to confess God, he will do so in a similar manner.

#### THE GRAND POINT OF THE CEREMONY.

Dragging themselves upon their knees and elbows, and half rising, the Aïssaoua extended their hands to the Mokaddem, turning towards him their faces, wild, livid, shining with perspiration, lighted by eyes sparkling with a feverish ardour, and asked for food, sobbing and whining like children. "If you hunger, eat poison," replied the Mokaddem. . . . My recital contains no exaggeration, and exaggeration is not possible in the painting of this horrible delirium. Adders, scorpions, serpents of different kinds, were drawn from little bags and devoured living by the Aïssaoua, with marks of excessive pleasure; some munched burning coals, or the sharp leaves of the cactus, whose thorns pierced their cheeks; each, while devouring his disgusting meal, imitated the cry of an animal. The most fervent reposed upon hot coals as upon a bed of roses; and in this position of Guatimozin, their countenances brightened with an intense expression of celestial pleasure, recalling the expression of the Christian martyrs in the pictures of the great masters.

The sacrifice of a sheep concludes the entertainment; the victim was dragged in by the horns, already half dead with terror, literally torn to pieces by the hands and teeth of the Aïssaoui, and devoured on the spot.

The sheep was speedily reduced to a bleeding formless mass, which these ferocious brutes disputed with a fierceness which wolves and hyenas certainly would have displayed.

We have no room for further extract or observation, but must spare a word to M. EMILE SOUVESTRIE. The French are admirable storytellers, endowed with a fertile fancy, and the command of a language full of point and expression; but the *Récits* and *Souvenirs* possess yet another charm. Designed for admission into families, they are entirely free from the equivocal tone of sentiment, the details and examples of dubious morality, from which, even in the works of some of the best French writers, our English taste and principle justly revolts.

#### ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, April 3rd.

THE concourse of strangers in Rome during the past Holy Week has been about as great as was ever exemplified in the recurrence of these attractive solemnities in recent years. Unusually inclement and dreary weather has very much interfered with enjoyments; the Benediction from the loggia of St. Peter's could not be given on Holy Thursday, but was nevertheless imparted with customary formalities from the throne of the Pontiff inside that church, previously to the ceremony of the "lavanda." Neither could the external illumination of St. Peter's take place on Easter evening, when torrents of rain were descending without intermission; nor the "Girandola," and its pyrotechnic accompaniments of such unsurpassable brilliancy, on Monday night; the Tuesday, however, proving fine, the Vatican illumination was displayed on that evening, with all that could be desiderated for its unique effect. The transition from the first to the second phase of this luminous spectacle is assuredly the most sublime and poetic thing ever produced by similar agency; the paler lights at first give more development to the architectural details, every outline of which they follow; but the meteor-like and lurid splendence of the second display, when in the course of little more than half a minute the whole aspect of the great temple becomes transformed, and, together with the majestic semicircles of its vast colonnades, lit up by restlessly glaring blood-red fires in countless profusion, can be compared to nothing of this kind for magical and startling magnificence. It must be allowed to answer the purpose intended by the church as a grand symbol of spiritually renewed creation, whether in reference to the glorified body that rises from corruption to "put on immortality," or the mysterious renovation of grace effected in the present life. In every instance the music of the Holy Week has been of the finest character presented in the compositions of the Italian devotional school.

At the Sistine Chapel the "Miserere" was sung on three successive evenings, to the setting of Bainsi, Bai, and Allegri—the last of which is the most renowned, and that which has given rise to the vague notion among strangers at Rome of the "Miserere" as some wonderful performance, always the same, exclusively the offspring of a single genius. Allegri's composition is usually reserved for Good Friday; and, in the last instance, nothing could have surpassed

its thrilling pathos, its transitions through every stage of expressible emotion, pertaining to the sphere of spiritual life—anguish, intense supplication, hope, rapture, and triumph; it seemed, indeed, the complete history of a soul extricated from the despair of guilt by the faith in mercy.

At St. Peter's were sung the settings of this celebrated psalm, by Guglielmi, Zingarelli, and Basily, comparatively recent masters—of whom the last was chapel-master to the Vatican Basilica, died in Rome about three years ago, and has lately been succeeded to in that post by Raynaldi, a Sicilian. The style of these pieces, generally speaking, is more modern and florid, but not less exalted, scarcely less devotional or intensely expressive, than the Sistine adaptations; and the voices at St. Peter's, though not so powerful, are, in the opinion of many critics, superior in richness and exquisite flexibility to those heard only in the Papal chapels. I could not admire the judgment shown in bringing out, a few nights after Easter, another and very different adaptation of the "Miserere," by the Marquis Muti, at a theatre in this city. The noble composer, who is still living, and himself directed the orchestra at this performance, is a person of long-recognised talents, and has been prolific in his musical creativeness; but nothing could be more illustrative of the total departure from earlier models, whose transcendent genius has been the glory of their country, in the existing school of fashionable Italian music, than the contrast between Muti's "Ravvedimento" (or the "Conversion")—as the Italian paraphrase of the fifty-first psalm chosen by him was announced on the handbills—and the various adaptations of the same we have been listening to within consecrated walls of late. True, there was grandeur, variety, and such effect as a cultivated orchestra of 300, with every instrument that could possibly be introduced, could scarcely fail to give to any composition whatever; but as for religious expression, that was the very last quality displayed, or apparently aimed at; and the interpolation, as prelude to the third part, of the overture to "Guglielmo Tell," was, though magnificently executed, a singularly inappropriate setting-off to the penitential psalm.

Visitors at St. Peter's may now see advanced to a certain stage in one of its chapels the preparations for a monument, expected to be raised in its finished state within two years, that of Gregory XVI. The sculptor is Amici, a young Roman, who was educated at the great Hospital and Polytechnic School of S. Michele (the largest of similar institutions here), who had displayed much talent as a pupil in the department of Fine Arts within those walls, and been especially patronised by the president of S. Michele, Cardinal Fosti. 15,000 scudi had been contributed by the cardinals created by the late pontiff for this monument, and, at an early period of the present pontificate, the competition was opened, the preference being finally given to the design of Amici, by eleven votes of the Academy of St. Luke. No part of the sculpture has yet been erected in the church; but in the artist's studio is to be seen the statue of Gregory almost completed in the marble, the height of which, standing, would be eighteen palms. The pontiff is, however, seated, robed in all the splendour of his office and crowned, giving the benediction with one uplifted hand; the countenance having a good deal of character, with that expression of indomitable will and concentrated steadiness of purpose which perhaps accords best with the attributes ascribed by his admirers to the aged Pope—a respectable and dignified, but not very superior or energetic person. Having once seen him, I can attest the fidelity of Amici's likeness, and his merit in having made the very best of his subject. On each side the throne, at a lower level, are to be figures, also eighteen palms high, of Prudence and Time, now to be seen in the plaster casts; Prudence extends one arm, supporting a serpent which coils round her hand; Time is an old man of stern and wild expression, holds in one hand a stylus, and treads with one foot on a globe. In both figures the draperies are finely studied, and an originality cannot be denied to the idea, notwithstanding the hackneyed nature of the subjects. A bas-relief is to be placed beneath the sarcophagus of alabaster, immediately above which is to stand the papal throne, its grouping intended to illustrate the Propagation of the Faith. Gregory XVI. is here represented vested as a bishop, receiving three Oriental converts, who are presented to him, as they kneel before his chair, by a venerable-looking Capuchin, his figure being a portrait of Padre Giusto Ricanati, lately created cardinal; on either side attend several cardinals and courtiers, the figures of the former being portraits of living members of their College; and, among the latter is also introduced the likeness of Count Rossi. As an historic record, this relief, though of small dimensions, will perhaps be the most interesting portion of the work.

THE VITAL POINT. — At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences it was demonstrated by a learned academician, from various careful experiments on the brains of animals, that the motive power of the respiratory mechanism, the vital point of the nervous system, is not bigger in size than a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## POPULAR MEDICINE.

## THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

I. BOOKS.

*On the Excision of the enlarged Tonsil, and its consequences in cases of Deafness; with Remarks on Diseases of the Throat.* By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S. Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. London: Renshaw.—The facts and opinions contained in this work are important. The practice of excising the tonsil glands in cases of deafness has been extensively prevalent, and both the public and the profession have been led to expect more advantage from it than the issue appears to have warranted. Mr. Harvey, whose opportunities of observation, as surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, cannot but be extensive, has collected no less than one hundred and sixteen cases in which the operation has been performed, chiefly for the relief of deafness; and the results appear to have been not only far from successful, but more or less deplorable. He maintains not only that the operation has exercised no beneficial influence in restoring the faculty of hearing, but, from the anatomical relations of these glands with the Eustachian tube, he believes that their enlargement cannot be the cause of deafness, nor their removal, consequently, its proper remedy. Moreover, he shows that these glands are not mere lumps of flesh; that they are important in more respects than one in the animal economy; that, besides their local use, there is a sympathy between them and the sexual organs, which forbids their excision on slight or trivial grounds. The author also proposes methods of treatment more rational, safe, and efficient. The treatise is practical and valuable.

## II. EPIDEMICS.

*State of the Public Health.*—The quarterly return of the Registrar-General of the births and deaths registered in January, February, and March, is unusually worthy of attention. Throughout the whole of England the mortality has been excessive, particularly on the western side of the island. This may be in part accounted for by the extraordinarily low temperature succeeding a remarkably wet season. But we regret to observe that a large proportion of the mortality is still due to epidemics which might be prevented, and the very existence of which is a disgrace to a civilised people. We allude especially to small-pox, typhus, and other zymotic diseases.

The following account, transmitted by John Leigh, Esq., M.R.C.S., Registrar of Deansgate, sub-district of Manchester, is instructive:—"Much has been said and written, yet not too much, on the injurious effects of decomposing dead animal and vegetable matter. There is a world of disease in black mud, no doubt. Among the powers of mischief, none is more active; but at the same time attention has been too little drawn to the injurious effects of the emanations of living bodies. Some of the most virulent poisons with which we are acquainted are the products of vital actions— are produced within the living body; such are the poisons of small-pox, scarlatina, measles, plague, typhus, and there is much reason to think of cholera also; and, amongst the more remarkable, of influenza and hooping-cough. The ultimate products of the decomposition of dead matter are not those which produce disease. The carbonic acid, carburetted, sulphuretted, and phosphoretted hydrogen, ammonia, and other products of this decomposition, are not the agents. We do not know what the active agents are, but we believe that they are matters in a state of change; matters in the act of decomposition, and capable of setting-up in other bodies similar changes to those which they are themselves undergoing, and which, taking place in a living body, are inconsistent with the healthy exercise of its functions. From the lungs and skin we give off something more than water and carbonic acid; we eliminate matters the products of vital actions, which have themselves an organisation, which are effete bodies thrown from the system like the secretion of the kidneys, and other secretions and excretions of effete matters, whose retention would be injurious, and the reintroduction of which, by the lungs, or in any other way, would be poisonous. No one who has entered the close and stifling bed-rooms, crowded and ill-ventilated, of the poorer classes, but must be conscious of the presence of these horribly offensive emanations of living bodies. Once in the atmosphere, their decomposition begins, and it may be that in this state it is that they become so offensive. If any one doubt the existence of these matters, let him send his own breath through a quantity of Nordhausen sulphuric acid, or through anhydrous sulphuric acid, and he will have a speedy evidence, in the altered colour and character of the acid, that he is sending forth something more than carbonic acid and water; or let the condensed vapour on the windows of a crowded apartment be treated with strong sulphuric acid,

and he will have the same evidence that organic matter is present. The whole subject, it is true, requires investigating; but we know enough to be assured of the necessity of rapidly removing such matters by free ventilation, of preventing their accumulation in filthy clothing, and of frequent personal ablution. But it is necessary that the people should be educated to a knowledge of these things; for, so instructed, they can accomplish infinitely more for themselves in the way of sanitary improvement, than can ever be effected for them by the most laudable efforts of governments or corporations. A movement is now on foot in Manchester to accomplish this. A society for the improvement of our sanitary condition is established; it originated with a very benevolent and indefatigable gentleman connected with the cathedral, a clergyman, whose large heart and active mind find exercise for their instincts in the condition of the poorer classes of this great hive of industry. It is proposed to visit the dwellings of the poor throughout the town, to enter into easy and friendly discourse with them, and point out to them the requisite means by which to render their dwellings healthy and comfortable; to assist them, if necessary, with means to accomplish this; to give familiar lectures in Sunday schools and other places on sanitary matters, to be properly and fully illustrated, so that the reasons assigned may be understood, and the facts demonstrated; to distribute tracts written in a plain and intelligible style; and to suggest to the corporation any improvements which it is fitting and competent for that body to carry out. The bishop of the diocese and the mayor of the town are actively in co-operation, and when the merchants of Manchester are once convinced of the necessity of a thing, the means are not wanting."

*Comparative Mortality of large towns and rural districts, and the causes by which it is influenced.*—Dr. Snow read a paper on this subject before the Epidemiological Society on Monday, the 2nd instant, which contained many important facts. The following abstract presents a faithful account of these facts, and will be regarded by all students of statistics as a most valuable document:—"The shorter average duration of life in large towns, as compared with rural districts, depends on the greater mortality in early childhood, and the smaller number of adults who attain to old age. In Liverpool and Manchester half the children born die before they are five years of age, the numbers being fifty-two and fifty-one per cent. In Birmingham, forty-eight per cent. of the deaths occur before this age; and in London rather more than forty per cent.; but in Wiltshire and Surrey only thirty-one per cent. The greatest number of deaths in any decennial period after the age of five, occur in Surrey, from sixty-five to seventy-five in males, and from seventy-five to eighty-five in females. In Manchester, Liverpool, and Sheffield, the highest mortality after early childhood is from thirty-five to forty-five in males, and from twenty-five to thirty-five in females, or forty years earlier than in the same sex in London. In Leeds, Blackburn, Preston, Stockport, Macclesfield, and some other towns in which textile fabrics are manufactured, the greatest mortality in both sexes, after infancy is passed, occurs from fifteen to twenty-five; although in two registration districts, not more than twenty miles from Leeds, the highest mortality in both sexes is from seventy-five to eighty-five, or sixty years later than in these towns. In London, however, the mortality, at the period immediately succeeding to puberty, is lower even than in the rural districts, more especially in the female sex. On comparing some of the worst districts of London, such as St. Giles' and Clerkenwell, with the more distant and rural parts of Surrey, the advantage of the town over the country in the small number of deaths at this period of life is more striking. In St. Giles', the annual mortality in the seven years 1838 to 1844, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, was fifty-nine males and sixty-eight females to 10,000 of each sex living at that period of life, whilst in the Guildford district the numbers were seventy-seven males and ninety females. On examining the Tenth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, all the chief diseases of infancy are found to be more fatal in London than in the adjoining rural districts. Convulsions, hydrocephalus, and diarrhoea, probably owe their greater fatality to improper food and general treatment, whilst the constant presence of various infectious diseases in London increases the mortality, by affecting the children at an earlier average age than in the country, where they pay only occasional visits, and thus enable many of the children to escape till a later period, when certain of them, as hooping-cough and measles, are hardly ever fatal. A proof of the frequently later attacks of these diseases in the country, is the fact that the mortality from scarlet fever in the South Midland district, from the age of ten to twenty, is much higher than in London, although under five years, when the chief mortality occurs, it is greatest in London. The diseases which cause the mortality of the rural districts to exceed that of

London, from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, are phthisis and typhus, which are more fatal at this period of life in the country than in London. Typhus, indeed, is more fatal at all ages, and in both sexes, and phthisis is much more fatal in the female sex, in whom it occurs also at an earlier period of life than in London. The probable cause of the great fatality of phthisis amongst young females in the rural districts is deficient nourishment, consequent on the difficulty of obtaining employment. Typhoid fever is probably less fatal in London than in the country, on account of the numbers who gain an immunity from it in after-life, by passing through it in childhood, when it is less fatal, and generally goes by the name of infantile remittent. It is chiefly to phthisis that the great mortality of both sexes between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five in certain manufacturing towns is due. The above circumstances show that the high mortality which prevails in most large towns is caused more by the habits and occupations of the people than by the mere fact of their living in towns."

## II. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

*Medical Benevolent College.*—On the 4th of May the first festival in aid of the funds of this college was held at Freemasons' Tavern. Lord Mansers, the president of the college, presided, supported by the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. David's, Mr. Freshfield, M.P., Sir Charles Mansfield Clark, Dr. Locock, and about 300 other gentlemen, chiefly medical. Many eloquent speeches were delivered on the occasion. The address of the Bishop of St. David's was listened to with the most earnest attention. He spoke of the high moral tone and profound attainments of the British practitioners of medicine, as evinced by their being always preferred by English residents or visitors in foreign cities. In Paris, for instance, where medical science is highly cultivated, the English always, in illness, consulted one of their own countrymen in preference to the French surgeons of the highest European reputation. This spoke well, the rev. prelate thought, for the character of the English physician. Indeed, he could honestly say that members of no other profession were so devoted to their calling, from a pure love to their profession, as the members of the medical body. In the law, all who rise to eminence and honour have embarked in the study reluctantly, and for subsistence. But those who follow medicine as a calling engage in it out of a pure zeal in the pursuit of medical science, without hope of realising a fortune, and well knowing that he who succeeds best must work hardest and to the end of his days, without any interval of repose, and at the call of any one who requires his aid. The lawyer wins his laurels in the crowded assembly, amidst the plaudits of his hearers. The other exercises his art and gains his highest rewards in the chamber of sickness, amidst scenes of sorrow and pain, and in repulsive engagements, to which no man would subject himself unless sustained by a nobler motive than mere gain. And yet to the one is open the highest honours of the state; to the other, perhaps an ample income, but no distinction, no repose, until he retires in weariness and probably shattered health from the scene of his labours. *This profession, therefore, has a claim on public sympathy and national aid which none other can boast.* The learned prelate concluded by paying a high compliment to Mr. Probert, the founder of the college, in whose undertaking he felt a kind of personal interest and pride, as having sprung as it were out of the diocese over which it was his happiness to preside. He admired alike the mind that could conceive, the heart that could prompt, and the energies that could effect, the establishment of so great and useful an institution. He was entitled to have his name inscribed in very large capitals of gold amongst the worthies of Wales. Mr. Probert, in returning thanks, said he was but an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, and unless he had had assistance from above he could have accomplished nothing. He hoped the institution would not only afford relief to the needy, but prove a grand point of union in the profession, a centre of love and charity.

*Margate Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary.*—This useful establishment will be re-opened for the season on the 18th instant.

*Middlesex Hospital.*—The annual distribution of prizes to the students in various departments of this school of medicine took place on Wednesday, May 4th, in the New Museum. The Bishop of Oxford presided.

*Butter, a substitute for Cod-liver Oil.*—The *Union Médicale* for May 3rd, quotes the following from the *Répertoire de Pharmacie*:—"Cod-liver oil is an aliment which restores and reconstitutes the tissues: in a word it is an analeptic medicine, by the aid of which the disorganising action of tubercle is combated. The only inconvenience attending its use is, that it is sometimes difficult of digestion. In this case M. Trousseau substitutes for it, with advantage, a compound made of the following materials: Four ounces of fresh butter; half a drachm of common



salt; three-quarters of a grain of iodide of potassium; and three grains of bromide of potassium. This butter is eaten during the day on very thin slices of bread.

**Albuminate of Iron and Soda.**—In the *Buletino della Scienze Mediche di Bologna* for Nov. and Dec. 1852, as quoted in the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science* for this month, M. A. Fabri suggests a method of meeting the difficulty often experienced in administering iron in the manner most suitable to the organism, and which has led to its being given by some in the metallic or oxidised state, and by others in compounds with inorganic or organic acids. He recommends the use of a compound of albumen (white of eggs), caustic soda, and sulphate of iron. It is so prepared that each ounce contains about four grains of the albuminate, plus an excess of albumen, and soda.

**Royal Orthopaedic Hospital.**—On Sunday morning May 8th, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, kindly preached a sermon at the parish church of St. Giles in the Fields, for the benefit of this very useful institution. The church was crowded, and upwards of 500 were collected. It is understood that more than 300 patients are waiting for admission in consequence of deficient accommodation, the funds being at present inadequate to the procuring a larger building.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

### SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

#### PHYSICS.

**THE REFRACTION OF SOUND.**—For some years C. Sondhauss has entertained the belief that sonorous waves expanding in the air must undergo a change, similar to that suffered by rays of light on passing into another medium, and be deflected in a manner similar to the light-rays. To determine the truth of his idea, this observer constructed a lens-shaped vessel, capable of absorbing the motion produced by the sound-waves and of concentrating them by refraction in a point where the sound might be plainly heard, as in the focus of a concave mirror. Such a vessel was first made of a balloon of gold-beater's skin, the medium with which it was filled being carbonic acid gas; this was suspended in the air, and a weak-ticking watch fixed at the distance of about a foot from it; when, on listening at the opposite side of the balloon in the direction of its axis, the listener seemed to hear the ticking in that direction more distinctly than at an equal or even less distance in any other than this axial one; but, however convincing this result to his own mind, it was scarcely definite enough to furnish conclusive proof of the refraction of sound.

The discovery of collodion placed a material at M. Sondhauss' command, with which he was enabled to procure a lenticular-shaped membranous apparatus of considerable size. This was filled, like the former one, with carbonic acid gas, and a watch placed on a level with the centre of one side of this lens, so that the waves of sound, produced by the watch, were transmitted through the heavy medium, carbonic acid gas, to the air on the other side. The unanimous testimony of several qualified observers who tested these experiments is, that the ticking of the watch was distinctly audible at a given point in the axis of the lens, whilst out of the axis, at an equal or even less distance, the sound was either weaker or inaudible. A screen held before the watch interrupted the waves and prevented the ticking being heard; on its removal, the ticking was again perceived. Various experiments with the voice, a small organ-pipe, &c. in lieu of the watch, were made, and all tended to the same conclusion, viz., that the sound was the greatest in the axial line of the collodion lens, by which the sonorous waves are refracted and made to converge to a focus, just as the waves of light are caused to converge by a glass lens.

**THE MEAN DENSITY OF THE EARTH.**—Reich has returned to a consideration of this question, remarking that some years since he had found the mean density of the earth yielded by his experiments almost exactly to coincide with the determination by Cavendish, viz. 5.45, whilst the more elaborate researches of Baily show it to be 5.66. Re-calculating his former results, according to the more correct method adopted by Baily, the German physicist finds that 5.49 is the mean density derivable from these former experiments. Pointing out a possible circumstance whereby Baily's determination may be too high, he proceeds to detail some further experiments he has made, and which, when grouped in series, yield the following results:—

	Mean density.
First series of twenty-four determinations, withdrawing two doubtful ones	5.5712
With a probable error of	.0113
Second series of twenty-four determinations	5.6173
With probable error of	.0181
Third series of twenty-four determinations	5.5910
With probable errors of	.0169
The mean of these three series being	5.5832
With a probable error of	.0149

M. Reich, however, expresses himself by no means satisfied that the last density given truly represents the mean density of the globe, since magnetic influence may have in some measure interfered with the apparatus he employed, so that the question must yet be regarded as unsettled; the balance of evidence, however, adduced by this observer, tending to show that Baily's determination of 5.66, is a close approximation to the truth, although probably not absolutely exact.

#### MINERALOGY.

**OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAVITIES AND THEIR CONTENTS IN DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS.**—Sir David Brewster has had his attention re-directed to this subject, from the examination of the Koh-i-noor diamond, made by the order of Prince Albert, before it was submitted to the somewhat hazardous operation of re-cutting and rendering it an ornamental gem, previously to which operation it was far inferior in play of colour to its glass model. Whilst in its former state, it was submitted to polarised light, when, instead of exerting no influence on this kind of light, which would have been the case had it been perfectly homogeneous in structure, it exhibited coloured streaks of light generally parallel to one another, these tinted streaks being precisely similar to those observed in many other diamonds described many years since. By microscopic examination, the Koh-i-noor, as well as the two smaller accompanying stones, exhibited several minute and irregular cavities, surrounded with sectors of polarised light, only producible by the expansive action of a compressed gas or liquid, which had existed in the cavities of the diamond before it had finally hardened. In an external cavity there appeared to exist a yellow solid substance, an observation which led to an examination of several specimens of diamond, in order, if possible, to elucidate the source and nature of this yellow solid. A tabular, colourless specimen was found in the British Museum, on which lay a small yellow crystalline diamond, which Sir David believes, from careful examination, to have emerged in a liquid state from a cavity observable in the colourless table, with which one extremity of the yellow crystal is connected, and which crystallised instantly on its emersion.

To add weight to this opinion, this physicist alludes to some of his previous observations on the liquid contents of some cavities in quartz, one portion of which crystallised on the surface, another portion being dissipated in the gaseous state; and also to some analogous phenomena observable in topazes containing cavities. These cavities are far more frequent in diamonds than has heretofore been suspected, and in one or two cases they are so numerous as to render the stones actually black. Tavernier has described a black diamond which for a long time was unsaleable, until a Dutchman speculated in it and cut it in two, by which he obtained two very fine stones, having divided a large cavity, containing eight or nine carats of what this author terms "black vegetable mud." Dr. Clarke rendered an amber-coloured diamond, colourless and transparent by heating it before the blow-pipe. New sources of this gem will probably soon be opened up, since diamonds have been reported to exist among the other mineral treasures of California, and are certainly to be met with in Australia, Sir Thomas Thomas Mitchell having brought a beautiful crystallised specimen home with him, which he has placed in the Museum of Practical Geology. When neglect, clamour, and irresolution at home no longer paralyse the exertions of Sir J. Brooke in his attempt to introduce civilisation into the richest island in the world, the diamond fields of Borneo may well be anticipated to become far more productive than they have been hitherto. This island is generally believed to have yielded the largest diamond on record; it is described as being of an egg shape, indented at one end, of the finest water, and to weigh 367 carats. It appears still to be in the possession of one of the Malay rajahs. Before quitting the subject of the diamond, it may interest the reader to know that the cutting of the Koh-i-noor has been most successfully completed, a success which will, I trust, transplant the art of diamond cutting to this country; and that this gem now forms the centre of a diadem to be worn by her Majesty. Mr. Sebastian Garrard (to whose firm the perilsous honour of cutting this trophy was entrusted) regards this stone as being a portion of a large cube, and in no way connected with the famous Mogul diamond described by Tavernier.

Like the diamond, its congener amber, for they are both of organic origin, is very liable to inclose similar cavities containing both gases and liquids, and these have again attracted the attention of Brewster. The cavities in amber are for the most part perfectly spherical, and the surrounding polarising structure is extremely perfect and beautiful; minute microscopic cavities, resembling those of the diamond in their irregular forms, are also frequent. The larger and spherical cavities often contain a liquid. One of these, in a specimen of amber including no less than eight of these cavities, was opened; the liquid exuded was of a dark yellow-brown tint, sooty smell, and of the consistency of white of egg; on exposure to air it gradually dried, leaving a transparent substance resembling amber, turning orange-red under the blow-pipe, then black, and disappeared, but without igniting, as true amber would have done.

The liquid contained in another specimen was very viscid at low temperatures, became more mobile by warmth, and, although not very expandible by heat, readily assumed the vapour state.

Sir David has also described a very singular cavity in a specimen of topaz containing a viscid and slightly opalescent liquid, of low refractive power, in which some dark flocculi are disseminated; several perfectly formed transparent and brilliant crystals, all loose and moveable in the liquid by inverting the specimen of topaz, occur in the cavity; circumstances which distinguish this from other specimens hitherto noticed, these cavities being of frequent occurrence in topaz, and indeed in many other crystallised minerals, although rock-crystal, the diamond, amber, and the topaz, present the most frequent instances of these cavities.

#### METEOROLOGY.

**COMPOSITION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.**—The average composition of our atmosphere has long since been determined, and its uniformity of constitution, excepting as to accidental gases and vapours, under every zone and at every attainable elevation, is another fact we are accustomed to regard as constant and unvarying. When any discrepancy has been observed, this aberration was usually traceable to some foreign and accidental influence. There are two questions, however, connected with this subject hitherto undetermined, and to which M. Regnault has addressed himself; these are:—Is the composition of the atmosphere uniform and unvarying during the change of seasons and throughout the year? and, is this composition uniform all over the world? These questions require so much delicacy in the requisite experiments, that it is fortunate they have excited the interest of a chemist well qualified to undertake this investigation. M. Regnault has contrived an apparatus for analysing atmospheric air, which admits of the determination of its constituents with greater exactness than former eudiometers; he has also dispersed over sea and land, by captains of ships, scientific friends and government officials, large glass tubes terminating in two points, which admit of being hermetically sealed with the flame of a spirit lamp when the air of the wished-for locality has been made to pass slowly through it for a few minutes by means of bellows, the meteorological data at the time and place being noted and accompanying its tube—the dates chosen being the 1st and 15th of each month, at noon—as a means for collecting specimens of air from various spots on the earth's surface. Several analyses of these specimens have been made and compared with air taken at Paris at the times above noticed, as the standard; and these results averaged with some late analyses of Lewy and of Bunsen of atmospheric air in different localities. From these data M. Regnault concludes that the composition of the atmosphere does vary sensibly though slightly, the per-centage of oxygen oscillating between 20.90 and 21; but that under certain circumstances, which occur more frequently within the tropics than in the other zones, the amount of oxygen falls to 20.30 per cent. In Paris, during 1848, the average of oxygen was 20.96 per cent. From this we gather that not only is the quantity of air respired in hot countries less than in cold from atmospheric expansion, the number of respirations remaining the same; but that even this diminished quantity is of inferior quality, containing a smaller amount of, what our fathers aptly denominated, *vital air* than exists in the atmosphere of temperate and cold countries.

HERMES.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

**The Art Journal**, for May, continues its magnificent series of engravings of the articles at the Dublin Exhibition, and very beautiful some of them are. There are, in addition to the usual contents of the Journal, two fine engravings from the Vernon Gallery, Eastlake's *Carrara Family*, and Clint's *Falstaff and Aune Page*. "The Old Masters," introduces to us the works of Bega, of whom several specimens are given.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

An oil picture, by the late W. Collins, R.A., sold at Christie's lately for 630 guineas, was sold by Collins in 1828, to T. C. Higgins, Esq. for 200 guineas.—Gibson has just completed a statue in marble of Venus, which has attracted no little curiosity among artists in Rome, from the novelty of its being coloured. The nude parts are flesh tint, the eyes blue, the hair yellow, and the drapery richly embroidered.—The Minister of Peru in Rome has invited sculptors to send in proposals for the execution of an equestrian statue of General Bolivar, and twelve other statues in marble.—About 12,000 dollars are still wanting to complete the necessary sum for the Goethe-Schiller monument to be erected in Weimar, and advertisements appear from time to time in the Dresden and other German papers, appealing to the admirers of the two great poets to come forward with contributions.—Picture sales by auction still continued in Paris. The most recent one of importance is that of the unsold pictures, &c. of the celebrated artist Decamps. The paintings, consisting of twenty-three works, produced 2863*l.*; the drawings and designs, 188 in number, 856*l.*; the arms, costumes, and curi-

osities, 713*l.*—in all 4432*l.* The principal paintings were: *Joshua causing the Sun to Stand Still*, which fetched 340*l.*; *Job and his Friends*, which went at 280*l.*; *A Female Wood Gatherer in Winter*, 160*l.*; *Interior of a Court, 162*l.*; and Boys Leaving School in Turkey*, 125*l.*—The annual meeting of the members of the Art Union of London was held on Tuesday. In the department of sculpture, the council, anxious to obtain a memorial of the late Duke of Wellington, offered a premium of 150*l.* for the best plaster model in bas-relief illustrative of an event in his military life, intending to issue an engraved representation of it to each subscriber. Several models were submitted, but unfortunately there was not one in the terms of the advertisement sufficiently good to justify the award of the premium. Two of the models in *alto relievo* had great merit, and the council has since purchased one of these, "The Duke's Entry into Madrid," by Mr. Jefferson, intending to reproduce it in bronze for distribution. The following is the statement of the receipts and expenditure for the present year:—Amount subscribed, 13,348*l.* 13*s.*; set apart for pictures and other prizes, 8000*l.*; cost of engravings, 2548*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*; printing and other expenses, with reserve of two and a half per cent., 2799*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.* Total, 13,348*l.* 13*s.*

### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE fourth Philharmonic Concert of the season took place at Exeter-hall on Monday evening, the 2nd inst. It commenced with Cherubini's only large orchestral work, the *Symphony in D*, which was played with great spirit, but received with apathy by the audience. Weber's *Euryanthe*, played with unusual fire, did much towards effacing it, and its recollection was entirely lost in Beethoven's *Pastorale*. A new composition of Herr Molique, a concerto for the violoncello, consisting of three movements, an *allegro moderato*, an *andante*, and a *rondo*—and invested throughout with a powerful interest, from the masterly variety of the orchestral accompaniments in the *allegro*, the exquisite melody of the *andante*, and the playful and animated character of the *rondo*—had the best effect given to it by the able execution of the unrivalled player, Signor Piatti. Beethoven's longest concerto in E flat enabled Mr. Charles Hallé to exhibit pianoforte playing of the very highest class, and to create a profound sensation by his superb reading and execution. Of the vocal music, Spohr's fine duet from *Der Berg-geist* was the most satisfactory; and the *aria* from the same composer's *Jessonda*, was the most interesting performance. Mendelssohn's war march of the Levites, from *Athalie*, played with the best effect, made a stirring climax to this really fine concert.

On the same evening a *Soirée Musicale*, consisting chiefly of vocal music, was given by one of the most favourite ballad vocalists of the day, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, to a fashionable and crowded audience. Miss Fitzwilliam, who possesses the two qualifications essential to the perfect delivery of English ballads, excellent intonation and distinct declamation, sang remarkably well, and was encored in two of her songs. Her musicianly knowledge was of great service in the concerted music. Madame Doria, Misses Cicely Nott and Lascelles, Herr Staudigl, and Messrs. W. and H. Weiss, Benson, and Pierre, were the other vocalists. There were but two instrumental pieces, a caprice for the piano, and a solo for the trombone, both effectively played, the former by Herr Pauer, and the latter by Herr Nabich.

Next night, in the same rooms, Mr. Aguilar gave his annual concert, which was, as usual, remarkable for a very attractive programme. The great feature of the evening was a new trio of Mr. Aguilar's own composition, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in the key of G minor, and in every movement of which ideas and passages occur, indicating strong originality of thought, and out-of-the-way forms of expression.

Equally attractive was the *Réunion des Arts* the same night, the charms of painting, music, and the arts, generally combining to enliven a very agreeable evening. In the music room one of the greatest attractions was Madlle. Agnes Bury, from the success that has attended her career on the Continent. She has a good method, manages her voice well, vocalises agreeably, and will, doubtless, take a high position among the singers of the day.

The third concert of the New Philharmonic Society was held on Wednesday, the 11th inst. The main feature was the performance for the first time of the first part of an oratorio on themes from "Paradise Lost," by Dr. Wylder. The production was highly creditable, and contains several sweetly melodic and not a few highly and effectively coloured passages. The instrumentation was well considered and well developed, and the overture was very agreeably written. The applause at the close was long and loud. The rest of the concert consisted of Mendelssohn's *Symphony in A major*, and the overtures to *Il Flauto Magico* and *La Gazza Lutra*. Mr. Lockey, as the chief tenor, Mr. Lawler, and Herren Reichard and Hoellzell contributed their aid to the concerted music. Miss Arabella Goddard played Sterndale Bennett's concerto in C minor; the performance was correctly mechanical, and the applause of a marked and significant nature.

Miss Conran, who created such a sensation in the musical circles in Dublin on her recent debut in that city, will sing, as we understand, on Wednesday evening next, at a soirée given on behalf of the Homeopathic Hospital. Miss Dolby and other eminent artists will assist on the occasion.

Rossini, who is at present, or at least was recently, in Florence, was invited by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the Pitti Palace, to superintend the representation of any of his masterpieces, the selection being left to himself. The veteran composer chose *Guglielmo Tell*, conducted personally four rehearsals, and subsequently the performance of that work.

The members of the Harp Union, Messrs. T. H. Wright, Oberthür, and Trust, gave the first of a series of three Morning Concerts, at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday, the 10th inst. A trio by Ries, a march by Wright, and a national march by Oberthür, enabled these united harpists to display their capabilities for concerted performances to considerable advantage. Mlle. Clausen displayed her remarkable powers in a duet for piano and harp with Mr. Wright. The concert gave great pleasure to a numerous and fashionable audience.

*Rimbault's Method for the Harmonium* (Chappell), is the most complete tutor and guide to the mastery of this instrument which has yet been published. Besides all the required rules for practice, it gives a series of lessons, advancing from the most simple to the most difficult. We can recommend it to all who desire to master that convenient and pleasing instrument.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

A MUSICAL FESTIVAL is to be held for the opening of St. George's Hall, Bradford. Signor Costa is engaged as conductor.—After the Whitsuntide Musical Festival at Düsseldorf, it is the intention of Herr Ferdinand Hiller to pay a visit to London.—A Neapolitan boy, of the name of Mattei, at present in Paris, is spoken highly of as a prodigy, whose capacities rival those of the little Mozart.—The foreign journals give a paragraph from Christiania in Norway, stating that the king has placed at the command of the University of that city five hundred pounds of English money—to be expended in the University for the promotion of musical objects.—The *Gazette Musicale* thus paragraphs the successes of Madame Chardon-Demour:—"Two hundred and ten bouquets were flung from the upper boxes, in a positive shower, on the entrance of Madame Chardon in the two operas chosen. Forty-nine bouquets of great diameter were launched from all parts of the house during the performance,—then, a splendid monumental bouquet of camellias, made at Genoa and forwarded to Marseilles, in a box two hundred and fifty centimetres in circumference,—lastly, eleven crowns, in gold, in silver, and in artificial flowers. In the first rank of these crowns must be specified that offered by the Society of Trotebas—every massive silver leaf of which bore the name of one of the lady's favourite characters."—The following is from a letter addressed to the *Times*:—"According to private letters from Pesth, Mr. Aldridge is quite the lion of the day. The literary men, artists, and actors gave him a great dinner and a valuable album. As Aldridge played in the National Theatre, all the characters, excepting those which he represented, were given in the Hungarian language; but the parts were so well studied that everything went off as smoothly as possible. The Magyars are so delighted with *Shylock* and *Othello*, that they have insisted on his playing *Richard III.* On his return here, the African Roscius will play once or twice, in order that the Emperor may have an opportunity of seeing him before he leaves for Trieste and Venice."

### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

By a decree of the Roman Inquisition, dated April 24, Macaulay's *History of England* is placed in the index of forbidden writings. The same distinction is awarded to the Scripture lessons published by the British Government in 1835 for use in Irish national schools.—The second part of M. Guizot's forthcoming work, *La République sous Cromwell*, is now completed, and the last sheets are already in the printer's hands.—The second volume of a very interesting book has just been published at Leipzig—viz., "An Account of the different Languages of the German People," by Herr von Firmenich. It contains 491 German dialects. Herr von Firmenich has collected altogether 563; the remaining seventy-two will appear in the third and fourth volumes; in addition to which, he intends to give dialects from the Friesland islands, besides words connected with, or directly derived from, the German, in the Dutch, Flemish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Scotch languages.

Sir Henry De la Beche has been elected Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, in the place of M. Mitscherlich,—who has been chosen one of the four Associate Foreign members.—His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of France has raised Rossini to the rank of Commander in the Legion of Honour, and Ponsard, the poet, to that of officer.—Professor

Wilson is now past hope of recovery. His lower limbs are paralysed, and, although his mind is still clear, he is but a wreck of his former self.

Under the title of "The Cosmos Institute," a proposal is made for extending the plan of Mr. Wyld's Great Globe, in Leicester-square, from a mere exhibition to a school of geographical instruction.—The movement in favour of the establishment of a Museum of Inventions, that has been commenced in many of the chief seats of manufacturing industry in this country, is constantly extending itself, further memorials on the subject having just been addressed to the Government and the Royal Commissioners by Glasgow and Sheffield, signed in both cases by all the leading inhabitants of those towns.—A literary treaty has been signed between France and Portugal.—The subject of the Tower, so far as regards the unsafe condition of the national records there preserved, is about to be brought before Parliament.—The desirableness of establishing free libraries for country districts is under consideration at the Home Office.—In a very short time a direct telegraphic communication will be established between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris.—The French Government have decided on at once formally announcing to foreign Governments that an International Exhibition will be held in Paris in 1855.—The Peace Congress Committee have offered two prizes to literary competition:—The first a sum of 250*l.*; the second, 100*l.* These amounts are to be given respectively to the best, and the next best, essay "On the European System of Standing Armies."—The Polish Historical Society, established in Paris sixteen years ago, held its annual meeting on the 3rd inst.—An account of tabling-moving has been communicated to *Galignani's Messenger*. It is rather long; but the following is the essential portion:—In the first place a light mahogany tea-table, with six legs and two castors, was placed on the waxed floor of the salon, and the palms of the hands of four persons (two ladies and two gentlemen) were placed upon it. The formation of a chain or circle, connected by the touching of the little fingers, being a mere pedantry of those who know little of the subject, was not observed. In three minutes the table cracked, undulated, and then moved. On being directed by the will of one of the party, it moved along the floor slowly or rapidly, to the right or the left, forward or backward, when thus directed; it also rose on two legs, and resisted strong pressure before it would come down. While standing on two legs, it also turned round to the right or the left, as directed by the will. A child of seven years, weighing thirty-five pounds, was put upon the table, and it then moved as before, though somewhat less rapidly. Similar experiments were made with other tables—one smaller, and one larger. The former moved freely under the hands of two of the French scientific gentlemen, going round, and backward and forward, and rising upon two legs, or one, in exact obedience to their volition. They fully admitted the astonishing reality. A large table weighing seventy-five pounds was tried, and the experiments were perfectly successful. It moved rapidly and freely, and rose upon two legs by the volition of one of the party—an effect equal to raising a weight of fifteen pounds! The experiments were repeated over and over again. There was no doubt, I believe, in the mind of any person present as to the facts here stated. I need but add that these are only confirmations of what is familiarly known in the United States."

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—*Colombe's Birthday*: a Drama, in three acts, by Mr. Browning.

LYCEUM.—*Trying it on*: a Farce, adapted from the French, by Mr. W. Brough.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*French Plays*. Mlle. Brohan, M. Regnier.

WHEN a woman cannot be said to be pretty, good-natured folks admit that she is very clever, or very witty; and when a piece acts most vilely upon the stage, the honey-tongued critics presently discover that it is "admirably adapted for the closet." That's the phrase; and that's what they say of "*Colombe's Birthday*." As for us, we would submit to incarceration in "the closet" for a very long time, ere we had recourse to *Colombe's Birthday* for our entertainment.

It is not a play, they tell us; it is a splendid poem. But, if it be not a play, what business have we with it elsewhere than upon our library table? What business has Mr. Buckstone with poems? Why should we be regaled with five orthodox acts? "Echo observes she sees no reason why." Well, we don't like the piece, so we cannot praise it; and we don't think so badly of it as to pick it to pieces. There are beauties, isolated passages of marvellous beauty, vibrating pure music through their numbers; and these, like the five righteous men who would have saved Gomorrah, should redeem even a five-act drama from condemnation.

Miss Faucit, whose short engagement at the Haymarket is now terminated, played *Colombe*. We are not worshippers of Miss Faucit, and she has had too much flattery lavished upon her not to be able to



afford a little dispraise. What a long apotheosis has the career of this young actress been! From the swinging of ponderous censers in the pages of *Blackwood*, when a critic, love-stricken, was writing *billet-doux* ten pages long, down to the lesser fogs of weekly praise, such a mist has been raised from the real individuality of Miss Faucit is hidden from the public eye. Therefore was it (and it is amazing how artlessly the public accepts these partial verdicts) that plaudits followed sentence after sentence mouthed and drawled so as to offend the ear most grievously, whilst Barry Sullivan, who is as fine an artist as treads the stage in these days, was delivering his lines in the most graceful and delightful manner, and was rewarded by solemn silence. Sullivan is, indeed, a noble actor; and Mr. Buckstone will confer a boon upon the public, while he will insure certain profit to himself, if he brings him forward in the most prominent manner. *O si sic omnes!* On Saturday evening a new piece from the pen of Mr. White was acted for the first time. It was called *A Mouse Trap*, and we hope to give some good account of it in our next.

Two months ago, Ravel was making us laugh at the comic distress of a gentleman who, having a passion for touching everything, tries on a diamond necklace, which slips down his back, from whence he gradually contrives to work it into his boots. This was *Une Rivière dans le Dos*. Mr. W. Brough takes the same idea, and gives us *Trying it on*. So the copyright treaty is of no avail after all; and we can wait for three months without having our novelties dished up hot and hot from the French kitchen. The part sustained by Ravel is, of course, admirably fitted for Mr. C. Matthews, who contrives to make, even out of a copy, an original production.

It was a pity that the beautiful scenery lavished by Mr. Beverley upon that awfully "Strange History" should be all wasted; so, during the past week, we have had a *Fête Bretonne*, being neither more nor less than the ballet scene taken bodily out of the nine-act monster. This is not at all unpleasant. The scene itself is glorious; the girls of the ballet (*figurantes, des minores, rats*—what shall we call them?) are pretty, saucy, elastic, and engaging; and as for Rosina Wright, she is a mixture of fire, frolic, and agility, only to be equalled by a Kelpie. *Petite diaboline!* We feel morally convinced that she has no centre of gravity at all.

On Wednesday evening the revival of *The Critic* was an agreeable change from *Used Up*. C. Matthews's double impersonation of *Sir Fretful Plagiarist* and *Mr. Puff* is too well known to require comment; but it never can be too much admired—never sufficiently marvelled at. Miss St. George is an excellent *Tilburina*; Mr. James Bland, a capital *Earl of Leicester*; and Mr. Roxby creates quite a sensation as *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos*. "Gagged" as the piece has hitherto been, there was, it seems, room for just one little bit more. "Hang that *Morning Chronicle*," says *Puff*, when informed that his piece is noticed in that journal.

The critics seem at fault about Madeleine Brohan. They don't know what the deuce to make of her. She comes to us with a "nimbus of admiration" for beauty and talent, say they, and, for the life of them, they can discover neither. So this prophetic is only to have honour in her own country. Not so, fair and talented Madeleine; we will lay an humble tribute of admiration at thy feet, and we will run the imminent risk of incurring "the proud man's contumely," by declaring it as our belief that thy great qualities are not for vulgar comprehensions. It is not that malice is abroad against thee. The simple fact is, that they do not understand thee. They want something strong and flavorful: there are tastes which prefer onion to vanilla. They sigh for *Déjazet*. They appreciate not that perfect self-command and those silvery inflexions of tone which make thy impersonation of a lady, a lady *par excellence*, unparalleled. *Damnant quod non intelligunt!*

Passing over *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*; *Les Jeux d'Amour et de Hasard*; and *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*: there was one little piece the other evening—Monday evening we mean—upon which we would be content to rest our opinion that Madeleine Brohan is one of the finest actresses to be seen. The piece was a very poor little piece; there was positively, as Sir Charles Coldstream says, "Nothing in it." It was called *Caprice*,—and a wretched little caprice it was. A charming young wife has been working a cherry silk purse for the Count her husband: a flirt of a widow has worked him a blue purse. Poor little wife! She flies for succour to *Mme. de Livry*, her dear bosom friend—a charming, knowing woman of the world. So this clever enchantress casts her potent spells around the Count to such good effect that, to please her, he throws the blue purse into the fire; and then does *Mme. de Livry* most faithfully and most loyally restore the recaptured heart to her who alone has a right to it. Now that there is nothing in this everybody must admit. Suppose it for one moment upon the English stage. How the pit would gape, and how audibly the gallery would snore! But see Madeleine Brohan light up that part of *Mme. de Livry*; see the perfect, inimitable French lady, the *Parisienne, pur sang, la petite maitresse* of the Faubourg St. Honoré. What grace! What art! What perfect ease! How touchingly she consoles the poor little weeping wife; and then how mercilessly

she brings the Count upon his knees,—yes, actually upon his knees! "*Ah! vous êtes très bien dans cette position.*" It is perfect; and nothing of the sort can go beyond it. Mrs. Stirling, if she were as young and as beautiful, might have done something like it; but no one else that we have ever seen could pretend to approach it. And now, as we have confessed our heresy, our mind is more at ease. Of course we are wrong; and our "rule and compass" friends are right; but to admire Madeleine Brohan, if not "a liberal education," is at least a most pleasant error.

About Regnier there is happily no schism, so we may say of him that he is a glorious actor, without apologising for our opinion. How it happens that *Le Bonhomme Judis* has never yet been adapted for the English stage is a puzzle to us; for nothing better adapted for it has appeared for some time.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE "RAPPING" MYSTERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Spicer in your last number induces me to send you a few facts which I witnessed during three interviews at Mrs. Hayden's, with some observations on the subject, which may perhaps be of interest to some of your readers.

At my first interview, the following particulars (of which no one in the room but myself could possibly know anything, as they were all perfect strangers to me) were communicated in the usual way through the alphabet:—The Christian name of a cousin of mine, who, whilst an undergraduate at Jesus College, Cambridge, was drowned in a small yacht, with a man and a boy who formed the crew; the age at which he died; the number of persons drowned with him. The "Surname" was not satisfactorily answered; and with regard to the "manner" of death, I inadvertently put the question in such a way as to make it a "leading" question, which might of itself have suggested the correct reply. But all the other particulars were given in a satisfactory and prompt manner.

I next took a letter out of my pocket book, placed it (in its envelope, which was neither a very thick one nor thin one) on the table, and asked for the writer's name to be given. This was done most promptly and correctly.

It occurred to me, even whilst these answers were being given, that the solution was to be found in the simple circumstance of my pausing or dwelling on the right letters, which a quick-sighted and practised "medium" might easily notice, and "rap" accordingly. But, to the utter discomfiture of this "simple" solution, the following facts quickly presented themselves.

The gentleman whose turn came next to question the Invisibles, held the card on which the alphabet was printed, in such a way that it was (I believe) impossible for Mrs. Hayden to have seen the letters; and even if she could, her face was turned in quite a different direction during a good part of the time. This, however, did not prevent the gentleman alluded to from receiving correct answers to the following questions: viz., the name of the person he was thinking of (a very long one, which took so much time in spelling out by the slow method used, as to have tried to the utmost the powers of the medium—if an impostor—to avoid becoming confused); her age at death, and some other particulars I have forgotten; concluding with giving him the name of the last action (Toulouse) in which he (formerly a colonel in the Guards) was wounded. I should add with regard to this last question, that this time it was another gentleman, and not the questioner, who held the card and pointed to the letters, and thus received the answer. And this gentleman assured me that he did not know the name of the battle in question as that in which the colonel was last wounded.

Another gentleman present preferred asking his questions mentally; so did a lady; and each assured me that they received perfectly correct replies. This, of course, may be explained in the same way as the other, viz., by supposing the questioner to dwell on the right letters; but in some of the questions thus put mentally, the answers, being a simple "yes" or "no," or else a "number," were capable of being answered without any use of the alphabet at all.

So much for my first interview.

My second was a complete and total failure in almost every point. A "spirit" presented itself, as the spirit of a relation, who is still alive and well. On being informed of the mistake, it then purported to be that of another relation, who indeed was dead; but it told such a heap of lies respecting him, as to convince me that my respected progenitor had nothing to do with the "manifestation." Finally, the unfortunate ghost "rapped out," through Mrs. H., the following infantile request:—"I want to learn to use the alphabet." The idea of teaching the ghost of your grandfather his A. B. C.!!!

At a third interview my time for questioning was very limited. But the following curious circumstance occurred:—I resolved to have some communication with which my own mind could have nothing to do

in the way of influence. I received the following, which I give exactly as it was "rapped out," i.e., without any distinction of words or sentences [a necessary feature in all these communications, as the reader will at once perceive]. "What say esth ouaproof b roth ergodwill give you?" The sense was not clear (indeed I thought it was all nonsense that I was getting)—until the end of the communication, when it appeared that the communication was: "What sayest thou?—a proof, brother, God will give you." The word "brother" struck me as merely a common formula; and, not having the most distant idea to whom I was indebted for this communication, I asked if the "invisible" would favour me with his name. The answer was "James." Now as I did not, at the moment, recollect any friend of mine in the "spirit world" of that Christian name, I immediately thought of an old college friend of mine, who, however, is still living. So I next asked if it was any relation? "Yes." What relation? "Brother." And it was not till this moment that it occurred to me that I had a brother of that name who died when I was only a few months old; of whom, therefore, as the reader may suppose, I am not much in the habit of thinking.

All this is certainly very queer. But my disposition is naturally so sceptical that even these curious coincidences, guesses, or whatever you like to call them, would have had little weight with me, were they not reinforced by the enormous mass of evidence which I have received from several persons, well known to myself as sensible and cautious people, who have witnessed these phenomena, and who have had far clearer and better "manifestations" than those vouchsafed to me. As Sir Charles Isham has already given his public testimony to the facts witnessed by himself, I need not hesitate to say that I received from himself, and other members of his family (including the rector of a parish in Nottinghamshire), the most explicit and positive assurance that they all, together with several others, heard these mysterious sounds at Lampport Hall, in a perfectly private family circle. [Neither Mrs. Hayden nor any other professional medium being present.] They all assured me that there could be no mistake or delusion about it. The "rector" alluded to also mentioned several satisfactory "tests" to which he had subjected Mrs. Hayden's "spirits"—receiving correct answers, through another gentleman present (who held the alphabet), to questions which nobody present could have known by any ordinary mode. I have also received letters from a gentleman of the very highest reputation and authority in the scientific world, and with whose writings and character my Cambridge studies have long ago made me familiar, as those of the most cautious reasoner whom I know. He is Professor of Mathematics in a well-known college; is universally recognised in the mathematical world as one of the first mathematicians in England; and is pre-eminent, even amongst mathematicians, for the profound and cautious scrutiny of principles and reasonings which characterises his writings. A man who can detect the errors of such writers as La Grange, La Place, &c., is surely one whose opinion is deserving of respectful consideration. Well, thus he writes to me: "From what I have heard from — and others, joint witnesses, I think the hypothesis of imposture insuperably difficult. An impostor who is ready, at any notice, to spell the names, correctly, of children who died twenty years ago (including second christian names), being relations of any half-dozen who will make up a party, is such a marvellous impostor, that any other hypothesis is, to my mind, easier. If the phenomena be what the mesmerists call *thought-reading*, then I am satisfied that not only actual, but dormant, recollections are read. Those who are already clear about the occasional intercourse of beings from the spiritual world with men will, of course, find the hypothesis of spirits as easy as, to them, it will be natural. Those who can set it down as easily explicable by imposture, are among the easiest believers I know—if they know anything of such facts as I know from a plurality of witnesses to each. I have not heard of any information being given, except what might have been in the thoughts of the querist; but circumstances have been revived which were not." In a second letter he says, in reply to some questions I put respecting what tests had been employed: "A thick screen has been placed before the alphabet in such manner that it was impossible Mrs. H. could see even the pointer;" (by which last word, I presume he means the person pointing.)

These, and other similar facts, which might be multiplied by the hundred, give the "lie direct" to the silly and ridiculous assertions of the *Zoist* (which have been blindly copied by the *Examiner*, and other papers, which ought to have known better), that Mrs. Hayden makes the raps with her foot. A more foolish and absurd attempt at "explanation" could not be readily conceived. Perhaps some of your readers may suspect, in their turn, what is the "explanation" of these untruths on the part of the *Zoist*, when he is informed that the writer of the article in question begins by ridiculing and denying the very existence of "spirits!" In fact, the *Zoist* is unfortunately devoted to the advocacy of the grossest materialism; and the writer of the pretended "Exposure of the Rappists," holding such views, went of course predetermined to find or make an imposture of it, not

being much concerned what untruths or slanderous imputations might be required to serve his purpose.

I have now a few remarks to add, which will, I hope, be considered of some interest in themselves, whatever may be thought of the real nature of these phenomena. 1st. The founder of socialism—the celebrated Robert Owen, has been “converted” in his old age, by these “rappings,” to a belief in a spiritual world, and a future state. He has published a “manifesto” to that effect. I met him one day last week at Mr. Hayden’s, and heard from his own lips the statement of this fact, and several of the facts which had produced this conviction in him. This, of itself, is a curious fact, which I presume even the sapient writer of the *Zoist* will not deny. 2nd. The excitement on the subject in the United States, having already existed nearly five years, is so far from subsiding or dying away, that it is increasing and spreading wider and faster every day. Only a month or two ago, a Dr. Tyng, one of the episcopal clergy in New York, preached a sermon, at the usual time and place, warning his congregation to have nothing to do with these “spirits.” The preacher did not for a moment pretend to deny or doubt the facts; but, like the Rev. Hugh M’Neile in this country, with regard to mesmerism, he considered them of Satanic origin.

I will conclude with a few words to the numerous “clerical” readers of the CRITIC. Being myself a clergyman of the Church of England, I consider that the subject is one in which my brother clergy must, sooner or later, take some interest, however reluctant they may be to have anything to do with it. And my reasons are briefly as follow: If such excitement becomes general in this country as already exists in America—and what reason have we to suppose that it will not?—then the clergy throughout the kingdom will be appealed to on all sides, will have to give an opinion, and may probably be obliged, by their very duties, to interfere and endeavour to prevent the delusions to which in many cases this “mystery” has already led. One of the most sensible and able writers on the subject of these “spirit manifestations” in America, viz., Adin Ballou, in his work, has expressly cautioned his readers not to believe all these “spirits” communicate, nor allow themselves to give up their former opinions and religious creeds (as so many thousands have done) at the bidding of these “rappers.” The thing has scarcely begun in England as yet; but already, within the few months since Mr. and Mrs. Hayden arrived in London, it has spread “like wild-fire,” and I have good reason for saying that the excitement is only commencing. Persons who at first treated the whole affair as a contemptible imposture and humbug, on witnessing these strange things for themselves, become first startled and astonished, then rush blindly into all sorts of mad conclusions—as, for instance, that it is all the work of the devil, or (in the opposite degree), that it is a new revelation from Heaven. I see scores of the most able and intelligent people whom I know utterly and completely mystified by it; and no one knows what to make of it. I am ready to confess, for my own part, that I am equally “mystified.” That it is not imposture, I feel perfectly and fully convinced. In addition to the tests, &c. above-named, I had a long conversation in private with both Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, separately, and everything they said bore the marks of sincerity and good faith. Of course this is no evidence to other people, but it is to me. If there is any “deception,” they are as much deceived as any of their “dupes.”

A word or two as to its being a “money-exhibition.” In the first place, there are, to my certain knowledge, several persons who are “mediums” (or “media”) in private life, who, so far from making it public and getting money by it, are only too anxious and solicitous to keep it quiet; but of course such things cannot be altogether hushed up. Of these, one, at least, is a lady of rank (whose name I could give, if necessary), and others are in a position which renders all such charges as “imposture” and “money-exhibitions” perfectly out of the question.

In the present state of the public opinion, however, nobody cares to avow their belief in these sort of things, unless they have a particular wish to be set down by their friends as lunatics, or are desirous of profiting by it in a pecuniary way. But even these are not fairly dealt with, I think. Mr. Hayden held a respectable position in America as editor of a newspaper of good repute and circulation; and if he and Mrs. H. believed (as they state) that it was advisable to come over and make these things known here, why should they not be paid for their time and trouble? But this, of course, has nothing to do with the main and grand point—“Are these rappings what they profess to be—the work of spirits?” For my own part, nothing will convince me that they are, short of some such “proof” as the following:—If the ghost of Sir Isaac Newton, or Euler, or La Grange, or some other first-rate mathematician, will come forward and integrate certain “differential equations” which have hitherto baffled all our best men, then I will believe in the ghost-theory most implicitly. But hitherto I have only seen enough to “mystify” me. As to Mr. Spicer’s supposition that “clairvoyance” may explain it, I think that the fact of “clairvoyance” itself will have to be far more fully and firmly established before it can be used to “explain” these rappings. If “clairvoyance” be a fact, it is just as

likely that we may have to seek an explanation of it by some “spiritual” theory, as the contrary.

As a guarantee of the sincerity of the above statements, I inclose my card and address.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M. A. (CANTAB.)

## STATISTICS OF LITERATURE.

**SALE OF RARE BOOKS.**—Lately an important sale, consisting of the valuable library of the late Mr. Hurt, took place at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson’s auction-rooms, in Wellington-street, Strand. There were 830 lots, and the whole proceeds amounted to 1,324l. 18s. 6d. Some of the most important features of the sale were the following:—Lot 232, a fine copy of the “Book of the Common Prayer,” black letter, time of Edward VI., 17l. 10s.; lot 239, Caxton’s “Mirrour of the World,” 1481, a fine copy, and obtained at the sale of the library of the Granville’s at Colwich-hall, Staffordshire, in 1844, 91l.; lot 266, “J. Gould’s Birds of Europe,” 75l.; lot 452, “The Lyf and Martirdom of Seynt Katerine, virgyne and martyr, with her myracles and prayers,” an English manuscript on vellum of the fourteenth century, in fine preservation, from the Townley collection, 10l. 10s.; lot 491, “History and Topography of the Deanery of Doncaster,” by the Rev. J. Hunter, 1831, 15l. 5s.; lot 501, a copy of the “Ordnance Map of England,” 50l.

## OBITUARY.

### DEATHS.

**BLOOMFIELD.**—On the 26th ult., aged 55, Mr. Charles Bloomfield, eldest son of the author of *The Farmer’s Boy*. He was formerly in some way connected with the press, but the last fifteen years of his peaceful life were passed in the office of Messrs. Weir and Smith, solicitors, Basinghall-street, by whom he was much respected. One of the most gentle and harmless of men, and himself a poet, of which some early tokens are extant, and an admirer of nature in her loveliest aspects, in the last wanderings of his mind he muttered of sunny hills and shady groves, as if listening to the voice of the cuckoo, so beautifully described by his father; he was buried, according to his wish, in the Kensal-green Cemetery, where poor Thomas Hood sleeps.

**BODIN.**—Paris, Madame Camille Bodin, author of a great number of novels and romances.

**BUTLER.**—Dr. George Butler, Dean of Peterborough, formerly Head Master of Harrow School.

**DUCKETT.**—On the 28th ult., Mr. T. Duckett, for many years editor of the *Public Ledger*, and a member of the daily press during the last forty years.

**SEWIN.**—In Paris, M. Charles Sewin, the oldest of the dramatic writers in France.

**TIECK.**—In Berlin, on the morning of the 28th ult., Ludwig Tieck, one of the few survivors of a past age of German literature, and not the least of those who made it illustrious. He was born in Berlin, on the 31st May, 1773; so that, a few days only were wanting to complete his full measure of fourscore years.

**WOODBURN.**—Recently at his own house in Piccadilly, aged 73, Mr. Samuel Woodburn, the well-known dealer in pictures of old masters, early drawings, and prints. He has been long considered one of the first judges of ancient art of his day, and has helped more or less for the last fifty years in forming the principal picture galleries of Europe. The number of fine drawings and old engravings that have passed during a long life through his hands is extraordinary, and his loss will be largely felt by amateur collectors both here and on the continent.

**THE POET BURNS.**—Burns’ great want, as a man, was that of fixed principle. He had a warm heart, a generous disposition, pity and compassion “soft as sinews of the new-born babe,” wide and trembling sympathies, and impulses of higher mood, which gave the early promise not only of wisdom but of piety. He was also a sincerely honest and true-hearted man, and as brave as he was sincere. But he possessed, besides all this, passions and imaginative tendencies more than commensurate with his good qualities of heart and his powerful faculties of mind, and in which deep dangers lurked, like “lions slumbering near a fountain.” To counteract these, or rather to subdue them into peaceful harmony with his better and higher nature, Principle was the one thing needful. Had it been present, it would have led to fixed purpose; and had Purpose come, a high and noble life had succeeded. Principle may be called the root, Purpose the trunk, and a true Life, the flower of the tree of man. Wanting firm moral or religious principle, it became Burns’ great object to gratify the two main desires of his nature, which were—first, to be distinguished; and, second, to indulge his pleasure-seeking passions. “God gave him what he sought,” for a season; but “sent leanness to his soul.” Even when a mere youth, his wit and genius made him the “crack o’ the country side;” the oracle of smithies, rousers, churchyards between sermons, not to speak of balls, mason-lodges, and dancing-assemblies. Early, too, according to his companion Brown, he fell into impure as well as convivial errors; and even then the grim Hypochondria, destined afterwards to blacken so many of his hours, began, attended probably too by the hell-dogs of Remorse, to assail him. Through this incipient darkness, and above those selfish objects, there shone, indeed, ever and anon, noble gleams of enthusiasm. He warmly loved nature then as ever, and it is singular to think of a feeling so pure surviving in the company of black and polluting passions in

his bosom to the last. How he hung over the yellow broom; how he joyed as at eve he listed the linnet, or the cushat, or the corn-craik; and how his soul rose beside the groaning trees of a wind-swept plantation to Him that “walketh on the wings of the wind.” His patriotic enthusiasm also was intense; and it, as he had prophesied, continued to boil on in his bosom till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest. In poetry, and all the books within his reach, he revelled with sincere and exquisite delight, and never was there one who loved literature more warmly or more for its own sake. Pure too, often, if not always, was the love that beat in his manly breast; and many of his meetings at the trysting-tree were as blameless as the assignments of spirits. Nevertheless, all this was only the bright foam; the current below ran deeply towards the point of self-seeking—the seeking of aggrandisement for his pride, and of pleasure for his senses.—*Scottish Review*, January.

**THE REFORMERS AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.**—The Reformers and their disciples, notwithstanding the opposite bent of their minds, and the entirely different mode of handling the subject, frequently fall back upon the classification of Peter Lombard, in so far as it corresponds with the apostolic symbol, and the nature of the case. We find in the Reformers the same combination of the moral elements with faith, hope, and love, and with the Decalogue, and a like union of the doctrines on the domestic and civil state with that of the church. In a genetic point of view, Calvin’s method is more complete than Melancthon’s; but the simple thought of Luther deserves to be very forcibly enunciated, i. e. that the Christian scheme, in the first place, is a doctrine of faith, consisting of two divisions—sin and grace; and, secondly, a doctrine of love, comprehending, on the one hand, service, and, on the other, patience.—*Nitzsch’s System of Christian Doctrine*.

**STOTHARD.**—The simplicity of the artist nature is well illustrated in this anecdote from Mrs. Bray’s Life of the celebrated painter, Thomas Stothard. He was once to dine, I believe, with Mr. Rogers, the poet, to meet Mrs. Barbauld, and, probably, Madame de Stael, during her visit to England. Stothard, on this occasion, had expressed his intention of making himself smart! But when he got to the door of Mr. Rogers, in St. James’s-place, feeling his throat rather cold, and before the portal opened to his rap, he chanced to place his hand on his neck, when he found that he had forgotten to put on his cravat! He made a hasty retreat before the door was opened, to return home for this very necessary part of his attire.—Charles used to relate an anecdote of his father’s love of romance reading, by which he was so absorbed as sometimes to forget both time and place. It occurred whilst the son was a boy of fifteen. The youth had been engaged in Mrs. Radcliffe’s powerful work of “*The Italian*.” Stothard took the book out of his son’s hand just before the lad went to bed, to see what sort of romance had so bewitched him. The next day Charles learnt that his father had been no less interested in it, and that he had sat up nearly all the night, till his candles were burnt out, and day dawned in upon him, ere he could close the volume.

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